Vol. CXXXIV. No. 1743.

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THE BYSTANDER, MAY 12, 1937.

# The BYSTANDER

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### FRANCE—*continued*

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**Baden-Baden.—**
**Brenners**
**Stephanie Hotel.**

**Baden-Baden. — Hotel Europe.** — Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Mod. renovated. 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4. Pens. fr. RM. 10.

**Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.**—Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

**Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.**—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms RM 11. up. Personal man. H. A. Rössler.

**Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.**—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM.9.

**Bad Kissingen Staatl. — Kurhaushotel.**—World renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

**Bad Kissingen—Hotel Reichshof.**—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

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**Bad Nauheim.—The Carlton.**—Old established comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date; exceptional pos. by park. 20 yds from baths.

**Bad Nauheim. — Hilbert's Park Hotel.** — First-cl. Fam. Hotel. Unique locat. in quiet. pos. of the Kur-Park oppos. Baths & Springs.

**Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.**—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1937.

**Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.**—First-class hotel. Large garden, fcg. baths and Kurpark. 150 rms., 50 baths. Pension fr. RM.11.

**Bad Nauheim.–Palast Hotel.**–Most beautiful position, facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension fr. RM. 10.

**Bad Schwalbach (Taunus)—Staatl. Kurhotel.**—Every room with pte. toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from RM. 10.50.

**Cologne.–Hotel Comœdienhof.**–Near Stn. & Cath. Rms. fr. RM 4, lav. & toil. fr. RM 6, pr. bath fr. RM 8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.

**Cologne. — Excelsior Hotel Ernst.** — The leading hotel of Cologne. Opposite the Cathedral.

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**Frankfurt-am-Main. — Hotel Excelsior.** — Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds, from RM.4.

**Frankfort-on-Main. — Hotel Frankfurter Hof.**—Leading but not expensive Grill-room—Bar.

**Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.**—nr. Cen. stn. Famous for its Hors D'oeuvres. Rms. fr. M5. Garage & pumps on premises.

### GERMANY—*Continued*

**Garmisch.**–Bavarian Alps.–**Sonnenbichl.**–**Golf Hotel.**–facing the Zugspitze, first-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

**Garmisch Partenkirchen —Hotels Gibson/Schönblick** —First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

**Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe.** — First-class Quiet location in old Park. Rooms from RM. 5.

**Heidelberg, Black Forest.–Hotl. Reichspost.** —The Hotel for Personal Service, Comfort and Refinement in the Black Forest.

**Hundseck** near **Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus & Rest'rant Hundseck** (2952 ft.). Sit. Black Fst. 160 beds. Mdn. comf. Pens. fr. RM. 7 to RM. 9.

**Leipzig.–Hotel Astoria.**–The latest and most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

**Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental.** — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

**Munich.–Hotel Der Königshof Karlsplatz.**–First-class. Central sit. 150 rms. 50 baths. from 5 Mks.– New Garage in hotel.

**Munich — Hotel Grunewald.** — Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.

**Nuremberg.—Hotel Königshof.**—All comforts; moderate prices. Sit. the entrance of the old town. Opposite the Station.

**Sand.–Kurhaus Sand.**–R.A.C. Hotel (2,900 ft.). Black Forest, near Baden-Baden. Lake sunb'ng, fish'g. Incl. tms. fr. Mks.6. Catal'gs.

**Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.**—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

**Triberg.—Park Hotel Wehrle.**—THE Black Forest Home for English people. First-class. Fully illustrated prospectus on demand.

**Walchensee Strandhotel Fischer.**—Facing beautiful lake, Alps. Every comfort. Pens. from 7 Mk.

**Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.**–1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens from Mk. 9.

**Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.**–World-rnd. Finest pos. Opp. Park and Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Patd. by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 M.

**Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel.** — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comft. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM 10.

**Wiesbaden.–Hotel Rose.**–World renowned Htl., own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pen. fr. 11 Mks.

**Wiesbaden. — Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.**— (Four Seasons). Select home of Soc. Best pos. Opp. Kurhaus, Opera, Pks. Pen. fm. RM 12.

**Wiesbaden.— Victoria Hotel.**— First-class family Hotel. Thermal baths, own spring, Garage. Pension from 8 marks.

### SWITZERLAND.

**Geneva.–The Beau-Rivage.**–With its open-air Rest. Ter. on lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. Most comf. Prices reduc. Rms. fr. Sw. Frs. 6.50,

**Geneva. — Hotel Richemond.** — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from Frs. 5.50.

**Lausanne.–Belvedere House**–Best position. First-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive from £4.0.0

**Lausanne.—Hotel Meurice.**—On the lake. 100 beds. The best First-class hotel. Incl. terms 10/-. Garden, Garage.

**Wengen.–Grand Hotel Belvedere.**–First-cl. hotel with every mod. comf., ex. cuis., lge gar., swim., ten., mount'ing, all inc. rates frm 15/-

The Bystander, May 12, 1937 No. 1743. Vol. CXXXIV.

# The Bystander

## King George VI

*Painted by Gerald Hudson in the uniform of the Scots Guards of which His Majesty became Colonel while Duke of York*

# Coronation Sampler

*The sampler was specially worked for the "Bystander" from a design by Miss Symonds, Ltd. Miss Mary Symonds, head of the firm, is one of the few women holders of Royal Warrants*

# The Passing Hour

## Comments and Asides

## By A. G. Macdonell

*Whitehall seethes with Union Jacks from end to end: here is the War Office's own collection, lined up on the roof's parade ground*

*Norman Parkinson*

TO-DAY is Coronation Day. What is there to say about it except to wish the King a long and happy reign, and a peaceful one. Never did a democratic people pray more anxiously for peace in our time than the British people does to-day. We all echo the words of the National Anthem which express the hope that the King will long reign over us, and that he will be happy, and that he will be glorious. But the glory we want is in the acts of peace, and we do not want the occasion to arise in which to "send him victorious."

And so, in short, God Save the King.

IT is now thought to be nearly certain that Mr. Baldwin will resign the Premiership on Friday, May 28th, the fourteenth anniversary of the day on which he was elected to the Leadership of the Conservative Party at the old Hotel Cecil. He is to entertain the King and Queen at dinner at 10, Downing Street on May 24th. If May 28th is the date, the Conservative peers and commoners will meet on the Monday or Tuesday of the week following to elect Mr. Neville Chamberlain their new leader.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN will by that time have made up his mind whether to see his Budget through in the double rôle of P.M. and Chancellor, or whether he will hand the job on to his successor. (It seems certain, by the way, that Sir John Simon will be the new Chancellor.) The general opinion is that Mr. Chamberlain is much too conscientious a man to allow his successor to tackle the new tax. If the National Defence Contribution had been a popular favourite and a pet of the city-boys, it would have been all right to let Sir John Simon, or whoever it is, look after its career. But as the N.D.C. is not proving quite the little romping favourite, Mr. Chamberlain will almost certainly insist upon accepting the full unpleasantness that is ahead of the tax and the Chancellor.

POOR Mr. Chamberlain is certainly having hard luck on the very eve of his Premiership. First the new Tax was a flop. Then came the break in the City, the worst for years, which was only partly due to the N.D.C. There were other causes, mainly contributed by the City itself. But as is customary on these occasions, the City is such a sensitive, touchy little chap that it cannot bear to be told that it has done anything wrong. It bursts into tears and runs round the nursery refusing to play, until the blame has been put on to someone else. In this case, N.D.C. got it. Mr. Chamberlain's third bit of bad luck was the issue of the first instalment of the Defence Loan, while the City was still crying. Still running round the nursery, the City screamed that the loan should not have been issued while it was screaming, and refused to play. An inauspicious eve of Premiership.

THE echoes of the bombs at Guernica still reverberate round the world, and Father Alberto Onaindia, Dean of the Cathedral of Valladolid, is said to have gone to Rome to describe the scene to the Pope himself. Father Alberto arrived in Guernica almost simultaneously with the aeroplanes and only escaped death by a miracle.

Mr. Eden has announced that he is trying to get the co-operation of Paris, Rome, and Berlin in persuading both sides in Spain to stop the aerial bombardment of open towns. Paris, of course, will agree at once. Whether the other two will agree to help is another matter. And what the value of their help, or indeed their agreement, will be is also another matter.

LATEST bulletins from our two battle-fronts. On the Lord Palmerston front, a Franco aeroplane has dropped bombs all round a British warship lying in the harbour which serves Bilbao. No protest, at the time of writing, has been made, or is likely to be made. Otherwise all is comparatively quiet. Mr. Koestler, the *News-Chronicle* correspondent, continues to languish in a dungeon near Seville.

On the Vandal front, Mr. Charles Morgan, the famous author of *Sparkenbroke*, reports hostile aircraft on one of the most beautiful stretches of the Pembrokeshire coast. In other words, the Air Ministry is proposing to establish an aerodrome and an anti-aircraft camp there, and thus ruin a lovely place. Mr. Morgan, who is awarded our special prize this week for vigilance, has written a letter to *The Times* about it, containing this immortal phrase: "Even Lord Swinton is not an ogre."

THERE is a great deal to be said for the men's case in the bus-dispute. Their hours may seem to be not unduly long—somewhere around six—but those hours are spent in severe mental and physical strain. A signalman in a country station may work twice the hours of a man in the big box at Clapham Junction, but he will live longer. So it is with bus-driving through London traffic. But if ever a good case was prejudiced by thumpingly bad tactics, it is the bus-drivers'. To strike may have been right and wise. Perhaps it was. But to strike on Cup Final day was a downright disgrace. It was lucky for the strikers that it was a fine day. Otherwise they would have lost even more sympathy. And, as Mr. Ivor Brown has pointed out, it is a queer sort of strike which makes the poor walk and leaves the roads free for the rich to drive on.

IT is curious how many famous actresses and actors whom overseas visitors, especially from India and the Dominions, would naturally be anxious to see, are not acting in London during the Coronation. Where, for instance, is Sir Cedric Hardwicke? In America. Where is Mr. Charles Laughton? At Denham. Dame Sybil Thorndike and Miss Gladys Cooper are not in London. Miss Edith Evans's play is off. And where, in Heaven's name, is the Prime Minister of Mirth? Many an overseas ex-soldier will be sad to miss Mr. Robey.

LAST week I wrote about Ethelred the Unready, the Saxon mark, and the parson of Pinhoe. It now appears that the annuity, which was granted in 1001 A.D., was to maintain a donkey in the parish, to commemorate the donkey upon which the priest rode to fetch arrows in the battle of Pinhoe against the Danes. The present Rector has no donkey at the moment, but draws the Saxon mark (16s.). I expect some fool will try to get this enchanting custom abolished. Probably on the ground of national economy.

*The Opening of an Exhibition*

*With the bus strike at its height, the Minister of Transport passed a pleasant half hour solacing himself with posters advertising railway travel; this was when he opened the L.N.E.R.'s poster exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries, and he is seen with Sir Ralph Wedgwood, L.N.E.R. chairman, and Sir Muhammad Zafrullakhan*

*The Opening of a Play*

*A. A. Milne broke silence after five years with "Sarah Simple," a comedy which shows him in his best "Mr. Pim" vein. Leonora Corbett takes the name-part, with A. R. Whatmore opposite her, together beating a soufflé out of a divorce situation; the play is at the Garrick, where this first-night photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Milne was taken*

AN American correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* weighs in with the old accusation that English use of American slang is always at least ten years out of date, except for Mr. P. G. Wodehouse. In order to help the Mancunians to get right up to date with their slang, he gives the five latest lines of the month. They will be out of date in a month or two.

Incredulity: "That 'll be the day."
Admiration: "Ya got somp'n there."
Chagrin: "Is my face roseate?"
Applause: "That 's my pop."
Scorn: "In your hat."

For myself I don't think much of any of them, except perhaps the third, which has a certain charm.

WHILE on the subject of Americanisms, I must record a strong protest against a line I have just read in *The Times*. In a report of a cricket match, that most sacred game, played at Lord's, that most sacred enclosure, and played by no less august a body than the M.C.C., a batsman was described by the cricket correspondent of *The Times* as "taking first strike." Now, this can be nothing else in the world than an attempt to import a baseball metaphor into the game. It is the thin end of the wedge. The next step is to hear the President of the M.C.C. shouting "Kill the umpire!"

CRICKET has come, but it has brought bad news. This is to be Hendren's last season in the first-class game. What will Lord's be without Patsy? If ever a man was the embodiment of the joy of cricket, it was that red-faced, tubby little man. He was the lineal descendant of George Hirst. There was never a moment of boredom for either of them when they were playing. The elegant Woolley, Hobbs, trim and aloof, the immaculate Sutcliffe, subtle Rhodes, none of them expressed the rustic, English game as these two did. And it is no coincidence that both Patsy and George were masters of an almost rural hook.

THE golfing summer of Mr. A. D. Locke, the South African prodigy, is going to be the high-spot of the season. This young mining-clerk is only eighteen or nineteen years of age, and plays as an amateur. Last year he finished sixth to Padgham in our Open Championship, and during the winter he fairly and squarely reversed the result in a championship in South Africa. Mr. Locke, who has just arrived in the country, will start high among the favourites in the Amateur Championship.

THIS week sees the retirement of one of the half-dozen greatest ball-game players who have ever lived. Peter Latham, tennis and rackets professional at Queen's Club, completes his fifty years of service at Queen's, and makes his bow and gracefully retires. So far as I know, Peter Latham is the only man who has been simultaneously world's champion at two games. He was unbeatable for years and years at tennis and rackets, and in the end retired from both titles, if my memory serves me. The only other man I can think of who has held two world titles, but not simultaneously, is Fred Perry. His two games were table-tennis and lawn-tennis.

*Photographs by Peter North*

*Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke are among the peers and peeresses who will see (more or less) the Coronation ceremony in the Abbey to-day. Lord Willoughby de Broke is the twentieth baron, his title being among the oldest English creations; the first Lord Willoughby de Broke, a distinguished soldier, at one time Marshal of the English army in France, was summoned in 1491. The present Lord Willoughby de Broke succeeded in 1923, was in the Army, retired as a Captain from the 17th-21st Lancers, is now a Squadron Leader in the R.A.F. Lady Willoughby de Broke is the daughter of Sir Bourchier Wrey; she and her husband have been married four years*

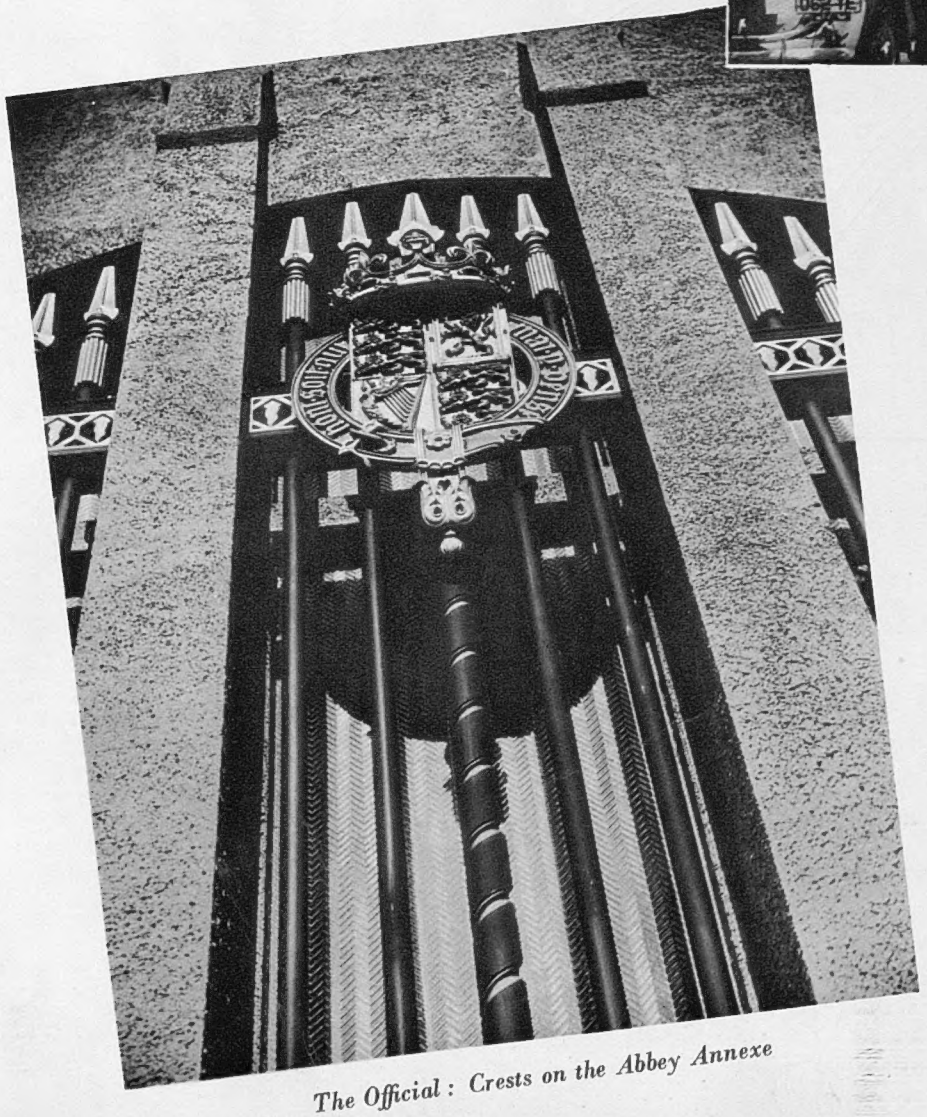
# Robes and Coronets

## Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke Dressed for Westminster Abbey

*The Bohemian: Tricolour in Soho*

*The Uniform: Pennants in Bond Street*

*Bond Street, as at the Jubilee time, has set an example of esprit de corps and the long thoroughfare (not so thorough, always) with its predominant white gives a clean, alert impression, prospective of summer gaiety*



*The Official: Crests on the Abbey Annexe*

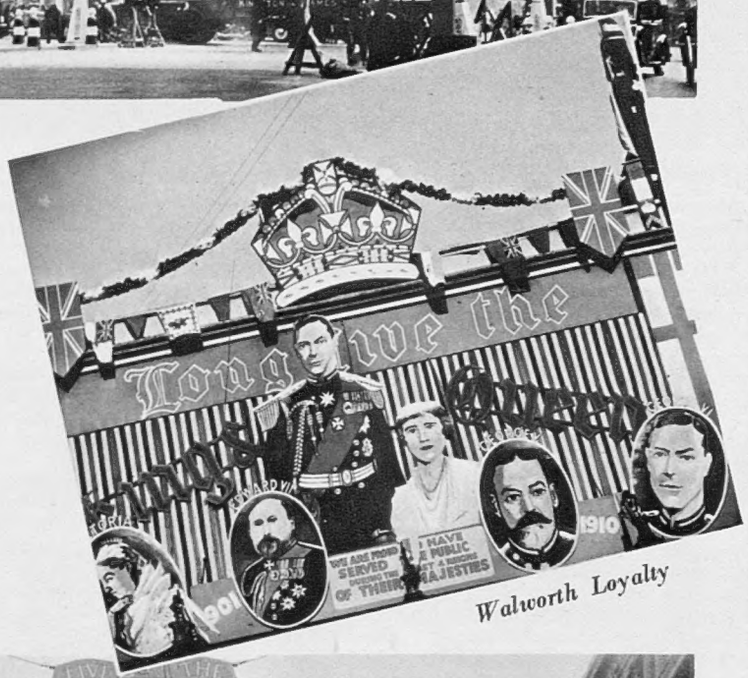
*The Copious: a Walworth Shop Window*

*The Splendid: in Parliament Square*

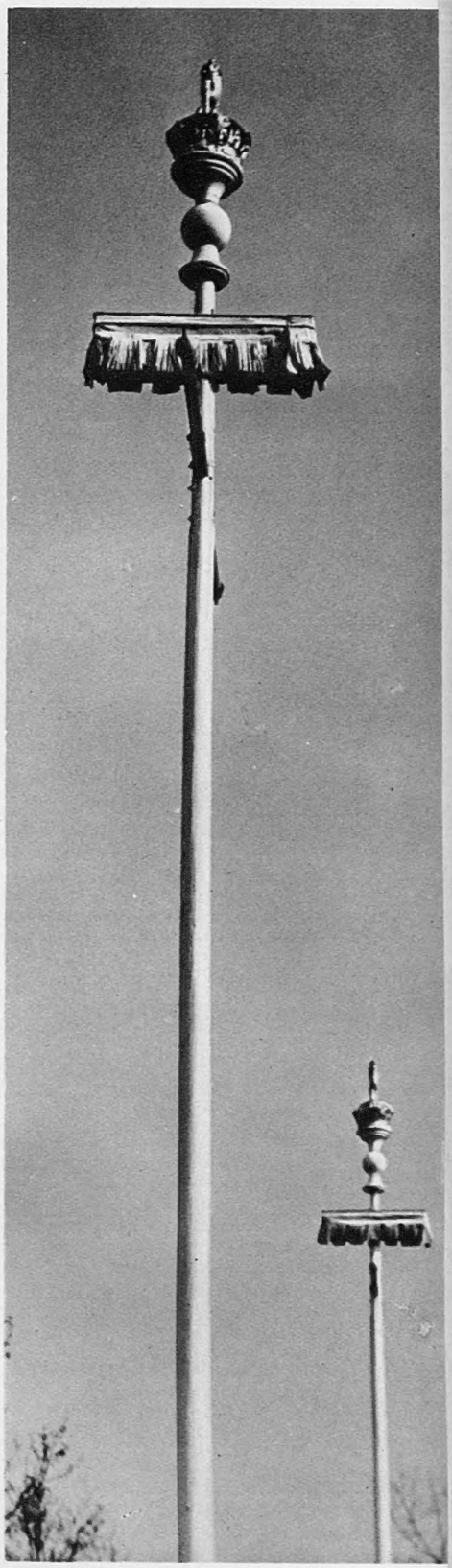
# Coronation Decorations

## London Greets the New Reign

*Five Photographs by Norman Parkinson*




*Walworth Loyalty*



*The Dignified: in the Mall*

*Proud to be so near the Palace, the tall poles stand straight as Guardsmen, topped by the crown and lion on which the English sun shines so brightly*

*Left:*

*The City: Queen Victoria Street*

*Eastwards of Temple Bar in the Lord Mayor's domain, the bigger streets have become avenues of colour, where straightforward, wealthy suspensions impart a blue-ish colour to the light below: impeccable save for quaint concertinas and balls hung below, and the apparent inversion of the loyal wish to "Live The Long King"*

Bassano

*Miss Eileen Thorne and Lt.-Com. Napier*

*Lieut.-Commander the Hon. Neville Napier, R.N., is the second son of Lord and Lady Napier and Ettrick, of Thirlestane Castle, Selkirk. Miss Eileen Thorne is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Thorne, of Alleyne's School House, Stevenage, Herts. They were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, and are spending their honeymoon in Scotland*

*The Hon. Henry Bathurst and Miss Myrtle Body*

*The Hon. Henry Charles Hiley Bathurst and Miss Mary Myrtle Body were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. He is the younger son of Viscount Bledisloe, and she is the youngest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. K. M. Body, of Ordnance House, Aldershot. They have gone abroad for their honeymoon*

*Miss Green and Mr.*

*The Rt. Hon. Godfrey Rowfant, Sussex, and Miss Green, daughter of Mr. and Walton - on - the - Hill, at St. Mark's, North have chosen Italy for*

# Going Out to Goings-On

## The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

Most jewelled of private affairs in our most splendidly maintained town-house and yet, "the jolliest since Lady Tweeddale's" (verdict of the young), was Lady Howard de Walden's dance last week. Seaford House saw a gorgeous cavalcade of our best tiaras moving up London's most effective staircase. Ever longer trains kept the men at respectful distance, the old 'uns remembering the days before the trains disappeared for a time.

Though the loveliest debutantes of this year and last were there, as an astonishing spectacle it was really a triumph for the mothers. The great floodlit ceilings, the cool air of our first warm night, the inviting outside balcony-marquee in green and white, of unexpected capacity, the Congress of Vienna touch when, the Austrian Minister appropriately among them, they danced the Blue Danube, the plump quails and superb supper, partly cooked in the house, awaiting one behind those great mahogany doors, all combined with the jewels to create an unforgettable impression.

### *Four Daughters to Help*

The hostess was a lovely figure—everybody so pleased to see her so well again—wearing the grandest of diamond tiaras. She had her debutante Gaenor at her side, while three more daughters and a daughter-in-law were a help denied to most hostesses in these days of small families.

Many of the young-marrieds wore tiaras though the Duchess of Kent adhered to her recent practice of a diamond star. She looked lovely in one of her favourite dark colours. The Duchess of Sutherland was the most magnificent figure there, in a glorious many-fox cape over a black, tight, but much-flounced, robe de style, very 1870, as aren't we all?

The Duchess of Northumberland in ice-blue satin wore the finest pearl necklace and tiara, rivalled perhaps by Mrs. Bingham, the American Ambassadress. The Duchess of Wellington, in brown, brought Lady Anne Rhys and took supper with Prince Arthur of Connaught. King Farouk of Egypt, talking to Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira, aroused much interest.

### *Linkman's Verdict*

The grandes dames of Britain seemed all to be there. Lady Ilchester was in dark purple. Lady Titchfield in white; Lady Oxford, our best-dressed elder stateswoman, in black net over grey; Lady Tweeddale in red. Baroness Beaumont and Lady Gwendolen Churchill, both in black, young-marrieds like Lady Grenfell, in white.

Lady Lisburne, a poem in silver and mother-of-pearl, was perhaps the most effectively handsome of the mothers, and she and her married daughter, Lady Gloria Fisher, were watching debutante Lady Honor Vaughan dance.

One of the most fascinating dresses was worn by Lady Elizabeth Paget, horizontal gold and white bands in white satin crêpe.

And as we left, the wise old top-hatted red-waistcoated linkman at door said, as he waved his lantern for our car, that: yes, it looked like a record season. . . .

### *Opera is Hard Work*

About this time of year there are generally a few caustic comments from non-musical people about the snobbery of opera goers in general and the futility of going to Covent Garden simply to see and be seen.

We can never work ourselves up very much on this score, because we believe that it needs a good deal more than snobbery to get people into their seats at 5.45 p.m. for a performance of *The Ring*, knowing that there will be no escape until shortly before midnight.

In fact, we would say that eighty per cent. of the box and stalls audience are genuine music lovers, and exceptions are usually a few tired husbands, whom worthy matrons have insisted on dragging into the back of their boxes.

There is no doubt about it that opera is very like hard work, particularly now that everybody's days are full in one way or another. One cannot give the best of one's mental facilities towards enjoyment of the music when one is tired after a hard day's work.

The restfulness of holiday days during the Festival at Bayreuth and Salzburg is the real reason that one can enjoy opera so much there. One goes for the music and all else is incidental.

### *Young Enthusiasts*

Pride of place among opera-lovers in London is shared by two royal sisters, Princess Marie Louise and Princess Helena Victoria. Not only are they great enthusiasts, but extremely knowledgeable and know most of the Wagner scores by heart.

Princess Marie Louise is an intimate friend as well as a patron of great singers like Leider and Melchior, who always see a great deal of her when they are in London.

Young people are also to be numbered as enthusiastic opera-lovers, two girls who really know their stuff being Miss Peggy Gordon Moore and Miss Sylvia Regis

*Locker - Lampson*

*Locker - Lampson, of Barbara Hermione Mrs. O. B. Green, of Surrey, were married Audley Street. They their honeymoon*

*The Cunliffe - Lister Christening*

*The Hon. John and Mrs. Cunliffe-Lister's son was christened at Masham, in Yorkshire, from his grandparents' home, Swinton. John Cunliffe-Lister is Viscount and Viscountess Swinton's elder son; his wife was Anne Medlicott before their marriage last year. They have a flat in Sloane Court, S.W.*

*The Cadogan Christening*

*Earl and Countess Cadogan's son and heir was christened at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, where his parents were married last year. He was given the name Charles Gerald John. Lady Cadogan is Lord Churston's youngest sister*

de Oliveira. You would have your work cut out too, to catch Lord William Taylour out on many points of Wagner.

### *Rest for Tiaras*

No one knows the name of the unknown hostess who invented the pay-party, but Mrs. Rudolph de Trafford's Savoy perennial always stands out because the invitations are personal from the hostesses, who are the loveliest of the young-marrieds (I don't know what would happen to a wealthy stranger who asked to buy a ticket).

Everyone wore their Number One frock, though they rested from tiaras, and the numbers had been kept down so that it was like a small private party, with the poor relations left out. People did not feel obliged to be anchored to tables, but roamed about, so that a table meant for six was at one moment surrounded by ten, at another deserted for Mr. Ambrose's music.

The hostesses included the Duchess of Westminster, in a smoke-grey crinoline type dress with black bands, very Louisa M. Alcott, Mrs. Marshall Field in black, who had several American friends, Lady Warrender, Mrs. Euan Wallace, and Lady Westmorland.

Others present included Lady Edward Hay, the Duke of Marlborough, Mr. Duff Cooper, Lady Ratendone, lovely in figured blue and silver; the Hon. Wilfred Egerton, Lord Portarlington, Mrs. Eddie Compton, and Captain Bobby Jenkinson—as our great rhododendron expert, it had been his day at the Horticultural Show.

Thus ended an evening that had opened grandly at Lady Londonderry's reception, where were seen Princess Alice, all the Stanleys, exotic potentates, diplomats, Indians, and the first strawberries.

### *After Her Presentation*

THE sad and premature death of Lord Londesborough will not curtail the debutante engagements of his niece, Lady Iris Mountbatten, so her mother, Lady Carisbrooke, has decided, and Lady Iris will come out of mourning after her presentation at the first Court in May.

The death of her only surviving brother has been a great blow to Lady Carisbrooke, as she was devoted to him, and it has come at a time when her many friends—seeing her looking so well and handsome again at last after her serious illnesses of the past few years—were thinking that her luck had at last changed.

### *Everything at Wembley*

"GOD Save the King" and "Abide with Me" sung in the open air by 93,000 people at Wembley, must have some sort of effect on even the toughest heart. To us it was one of the most moving spectacles we have ever experienced.

It was on the occasion of the Cup Final last Saturday, when the King and Queen, the young King of Egypt, Lord Derby, Lord Londonderry and Lord Mottistone were in the Royal box.

As Sunderland had never won the English Cup previously, we backed them just to be difficult, and cashed in on their victory.

The wild excitement of that vast crowd, the perfect weather, and the wonderful conditions under which everything happens at Wembley made a game we don't understand very much worth watching.

### *Dancing Space Nil*

MONDAY night a week ago, at the Café de Paris, was just one of those occasions when a man asks you if you will "risk it," instead of saying "Come and dance."

It was Harry Richman's opening night, and the place was packed to suffocation. Three deep on the balcony, and dancing space nil. He is the perfect cabaret turn; gay, sentimental and exciting.

### *A Smart Little Statue*

LORD and Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lord and Lady Plunket, the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, and the young Paravicinis were in a party together.

Mme. Paravicini, as we hear she is called, is like a pale, smart little statue, with her well-dressed cindré hair, magnolia complexion and pastel clothes. Her tall young husband is definitely one of the best looking men in London.

Lady Louis's amethyst necklace and bracelets matched her lilac and white imprimé dress, and enhanced, if possible, her air of slim and sunburnt elegance. She popped on an enviable chinchilla cape when leaving.

### *A Chicago Bud*

MRS. MURRAY SMITH'S bright green dress and short coat with silver-fox revers, was effective; Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux were as usual the tallest couple in the room.

One of the prettiest girls in what Richman calls the "Cafe de Paree" that night, was Miss Babs Culbertson, a bud from Chicago, who was presented at last Wednesday's Court. She is tall, dark, pale, and very vivacious, with outsize brown eyes, and is certain to amount to a great deal among the season's debs.

### *Lady Warwick's New Bob*

POULSEN'S River Club at Datchet, known more formally as the Pavilion, opened last week for once in a quite un-English setting of spring sunshine.

The décor is more simple, plain white-washed walls seeming far more in the picture for a riverside country club.

The Marquess and Marchioness of Milford Haven, Prince and Princess Dimitri, Count Torby and Mr. Goldman, dined there on Sunday night, also Mr. and Mrs. Jack Barclay.

So that is where that wizard pianist, who used to be at the Four Hundred, has got to! His playing makes us believe that it is three or four o'clock in the morning, and that the pleated walls of the famous bottle-party must surround us.

People who live in the neighbourhood use the Pavilion as a six o'clock rendezvous before dinner. The Rupert Byasses, Mr. Stephen Raphael and Lady Warwick were glimpsed on Sunday. The latter, who landed from the Queen Mary the other day, does her hair in the new straight-bobbed fashion with ends turned under, that Miss Gloria Swanson affects.

MISS PEEPS

***The Coronation*** *invasion began in earnest last week, Tuesday seeing the arrival of four royal guests from Scandinavia; Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark and Crown Princess Ingrid landed at Harwich and were welcomed by Prince Arthur of Connaught, Lord Athlone, Lady Patricia Ramsay and the Danish Minister. Princess Ingrid is seen with Lord Athlone*

***The Coronation****—the other two Scandinavian royal visitors were Crown Prince Olaf of Norway and Crown Princess Märtha. They landed at North Shields, motored to Newcastle, and got to King's Cross (in a special coach) in the evening. Prince Arthur of Connaught, who had met the Danish royal pair the same day, is seen between Prince Olaf and Princess Märtha*

# Personal Parade

***The Bus Strike*** *court of inquiry was photographed in the lunch hour after a public sitting at Westminster; this heavily responsible triumvirate consisted of Mr. Basil Sanderson, shipowner, chairman of the National Council of Port Labour Employers; Sir Arthur Pugh, veteran Trade Unionist, whose honours date to General Strike days; Mr. John Forster, chairman of the court, specialist in industrial disputes*

***Racing*** *last week almost forgave the weather for what it did at Cheltenham, and the United Hunts 'Chases at Lingfield were well supported despite the rival flat. There aren't many United Hunts meetings without a Strutt present: here are three of them, the Hon. Ronald Strutt, the Duchess of Norfolk and their father, Lord Belper*

# More Celebrities in Cameo

## No. 19

## Mr. Stanley Baldwin

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN used to be regarded by his critics—now nearly an extinct race—as a Humpty-Dumpty which nothing could put back on the wall. He ended up as a permanent fixture whom no one could push off. It was maliciously said when he first became a Cabinet Minister that the Premier did not know his name, and that no one knew his opinions because he never mentioned them. And yet he spoke to very good effect indeed at the famous Carlton Club meeting in 1922 when he turned against Lloyd George. From that moment he was pitchforked by events into the Premier's job. True, he was hurled out, but (to change the metaphor) every time the tide came in it brought him back; even though each time it went out he found himself in deep water. Unlike Canute, however, he expressed no opinion.

During this period his enemies were convinced that he was finished. They called on him with wreaths instead of bouquets; but the mere smell of the wreath put him on his feet again and he began to find himself. Mr. Baldwin's great asset is that he has always meant well by the country, and the public slowly began to realise that he was a man of good-will and complete honesty. Then suddenly he decided that his fumbling days were over and that it was time he became a benevolent dictator. To-day he has almost ended Party government. The Socialists adore him. The Tories do also. His power is complete.

No one can express the soul of England as he can, although his enemies say that on one occasion he mistook an agricultural debate on the *soil* of England for a debate on the *soul* of England, and made one of his best perorations. It is also said that in his early days he was assisted in his speeches by the famous Tom Jones, and even by the late Rudyard Kipling. Whether that is so or not, he is to-day the greatest living orator in this country. True, he is still a trifle nervous before his speeches, and even when delivering them is inclined to lick his lips. But he has a beautiful silver voice—fruity mellow, and musical.

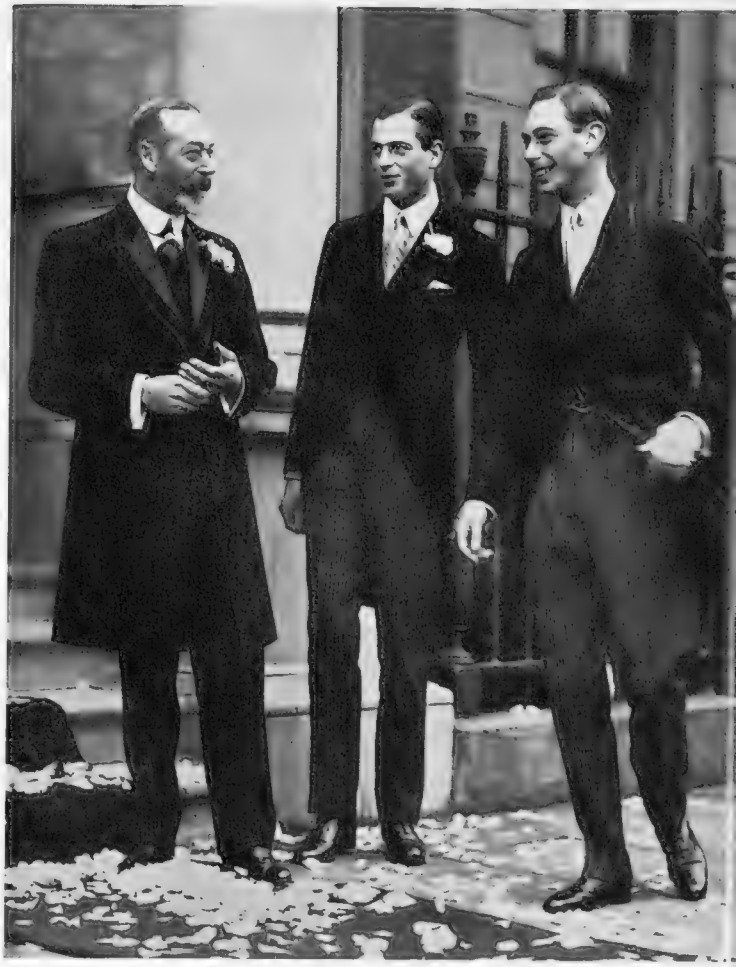
EDUCATED at Harrow, he contested Kidderminster in 1906, and became a Governor of Charterhouse in 1933. At this election he was thirty-nine and had been married for fourteen years to the former Lucy Ridsdale. His career since then is in all the books of reference, so there is no need to go into that or his four books and two volumes of speeches.

Mr. Baldwin is sensitive, brusque, and does not lightly forgive his enemies. His own sizing-up of himself is that he has been praised beyond his deserts and also blamed beyond them. Meantime, he remains the only Minister on the Front Bench who is able to read small print in the dim cathedral light of the House of Commons; makes good jokes; is a good trencherman; never dramatises himself; never allows his voice to falter; has never been known to descend to theatricals; has lived through more difficult political times than any other Premier; but, sustained alike by his enemies and his own character, has survived two major disasters.

Posterity will see him with a clearer eye than we can, and posterity will surely name him as one of the greatest Englishmen of any class or creed since Cromwell. As it is, his passing politically from office unquestionably marks the end of an Epoch, but he knew that he had the choice of collapse or departure and, having successfully reduced the House of Commons to a mere Council of State, he is naturally choosing the latter course.

**Charles Graves**

*1913: Princess Mary and Prince Albert rode the scenic railway together when they went to the Earl's Court Exhibition. The Prince was then seventeen*



*1923: King George V., Prince George and the Duke of York, as he then was, had just waved good-bye to Princess Maud as she drove off after her wedding to Lord Carnegie*

# Royal Recollections

## George VI as Prince and King

*Left: 1932*

*A typical summer snapshot of the Duke of York during a visit to his annual boys' camp*

*Right: 1927*

*The Duke and Duchess of York visited Australia in 1927 and met the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides of the Dominion at a huge Jamboree at Adelaide*

*1924 : The Prince of Wales, the Duke of York and Prince Henry were at a steeplechase meeting at Arborfield, in Berkshire, in which both the Prince of Wales and Prince Henry rode*

*1924 : The Duke and Duchess of York were staying at Balmoral when this snapshot of them and Queen Mary was taken. They had then been married just over a year*

*1935 : The Duke and Duchess of York made their first flight two years ago when they flew to Belgium for the opening of the Brussels Exhibition*

*Right :*

*1937 : The King made his first public speech since his Accession at the unveiling of the Memorial to King George V. at Windsor, a few weeks ago. With him is the Archbishop of Canterbury*

# Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth

Two of the best of the recent photographs of the Queen and Queen Mary were taken on the occasion of the christening of the youngest member of the Royal family three months ago. They were just leaving the Duke and Duchess of Kent's house in Belgrave Square to go to Buckingham Palace, where their little niece and grandchild was named Alexandra, after her great-grandmother, Queen Alexandra

# Standing By . . .

## A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

POINTING out that the rank and file of the British Army are no longer drawn from the dregs of the population, nor its officers from the nitwits of the aristocracy, as Wellington's were, Major-General Fuller asks in a snappy book on the coming Armageddon, why the present penal regulations as to leave, dress, and personal liberty still obtain, why promotion is still by seniority, and why the Army of to-day isn't a small, mechanised corporation at a pound a week minimum for the lower ranks, all found.

We can answer Question I. more or less (extra marks for neatness). Anatole France once asked why the French Army retains a ferocious penal system out of all proportion to the type of modern recruit, who is on the average (like ours) a decent, harmless, submissive creature, and no enemy to discipline. The answer is that the severity of Army discipline is not designed, as some people think, to ensure obedience to the orders of a relatively small and relatively unarmed number of officers, but that it 's simply a heritage from the eighteenth century and earlier, when officers and soldiers belonged to two distinct human species, gulfs apart. The Armies of the Revolution carried on this tradition and punished inexorably. The same adhesion to tradition also explains a great many irksome and idiotic disciplinary measures and assumptions which infuriated thousands of eager volunteers in our own Army in 1914. Flogging had been abolished some years before, to the mild surprise of many.

There are no "dregs" in the ranks nowadays, and of course no nitwits holding commissions; though we did hear a crack going round the clubs some time ago about a Guardee subaltern who was so dumb that even his brother-officers noticed it. The old military ideal of destroying the soldier's faculties and making him merely a machine automatically obeying orders has also had to go by the board with the intrusion of real machinery into military science, and in the next war probably even the Staff will be able to think. They may also be closer up to the line. One of the best stories of the late war is that of the retreating Australian who stumbled on a brass-hat in No Man's Land. "Who the hell are you ?" he asked. "Damn you," said the brass-hat, "I 'm your divisional general !" "My God !" said the soldier, appalled, "have I run back as far as that ?"

***Mind Your Eye***

"BIGGER and bigger canvases !" has been the cry at Burlington House all this year, we 're told by a connoisseur who knows the Inside Stuff. The result is that this year's Academy is full of the most enormous paintings by R.A.'s since Maclise's historic "Meeting of Wellington and Blucher" (40 feet by 60), which the Government offered gratis the other day on "perpetual loan" to anybody who would remove it, and which must still be hanging about somewhere. On the opening day we asked what idea lay behind this pretty formidable concerted move by the R.A. boys. We were told that it is designed to give Overseas buyers value for money. We happened to be in our informant's picture-room a little later, and he gave us a graphic demonstration of the point at issue. "Here," he said, pointing to a measly little painting about 1 foot by 1-foot 6, "is a Goya for which I paid a dealer a hundred last year. And here," he said, striding across to a large baize curtain and jerking it sideways, is a family heirloom, "Titania Stroking the Ears of Bottom," by the great Victorian Etty, measuring 25 feet by 15. Observe that Titania's leg is the size of a 4·7 gun, and that the peas Bottom is devouring are each the size of a cannon-ball. Surely this striking canvas for which I was offered £10 only last week by a rascally upholsterer, is infinitely better value for a hundred pounds than an insignificant Goya one-twentieth of its size ?" We couldn't help agreeing.

*The Diehard: 6 a.m., May 12th, 1937*

Be not amazed therefore, sweethearts, by bigger views this year than ever of Carbis Bay, Kynance Cove, Concarneau (Fishing-Boats, Sunset), Amalfi, and all the nice bits and beauty spots Academy fans know and love so well, year by year. It is being whispered that most of the boys have one eye on a certain wealthy Australian connoisseur whose new pitchpine gallery at Warramugga, a room half the size of Westminster Hall, has got to be furnished this year by hook or by crook. Good hunting ! say we art lovers all.

***Please, Everybody !***

MR. HICKEY of the *Express* had an interesting experience at Lord Berners' place in Berkshire the other week-end, when after dinner on the Saturday, Mrs. Reginald Fellowes expounded her theory ("has often lectured on it in France") that St. Joan of Arc was no peasant but of Royal blood, wrong-side-of-the-blanket, and half-sister to the Dauphin Charles.

Once, for our own purposes, we went day after day through the whole dossier of St. Joan in the Bibliotheque Nationale, contemporary and modern. We don't recollect coming across this bit of hot news, even in the documents of the Trial, which are pretty exhaustive, so we conjecture Mrs. Fellowes has access to sources

## Telephone Talks: No. 9

*"Hello — is that the Fire Brigade? Well, look here, my name's Hartigan. I wonder if you could manage to get round here some time. I'll tell you exactly what it is: apparently the house seems to be more or less on fire . . ."*

unknown to Pierre Champion and Funck-Brentano and other leading modern authorities (and still less to Granfer Shaw, poor darling). And, speaking generally, and at large as clients of St. Joan, we think it 's about time people stopped having theories about her altogether. Apart from being burned by the English, she 's been vilified by Shakespeare and Voltaire, more subtly slandered by Anatole France (or, more accurately, his downtrodden secretary Brousson, who did all the hack-work and supplied those curious footnotes which Andrew Lang accurately conjectured were done by contract), turned into a Shavian lay-figure, and oh-so-cleverly psycho-analysed recently by one or two Bloomsbury busy-bodies whose names don't much matter. And this, mark you, leaving aside what Art has done to the Saint from time to time, from the bondieuseries of the Rue St. Sulpice, which enraged Huysmans (a bit of a snob), to the efforts of a recent advanced sculptor who made her look like something off Easter Island. Maxime Réal del Sarte's newish statue in the Vieille-Marché at Rouen and the mosaic in Westminster Cathedral may idealise her physically—if that fifteenth-century stone head at Chinon really is a portrait-study—but at least they recognise her spiritual power.

. . . As G. K. Chesterton said in his celebrated imploring appeal to the late Lord Birkenhead to cease his efforts in quite another spiritual sphere: " Chuck it, Smith."

***Oh, Là, Là! Dept.***

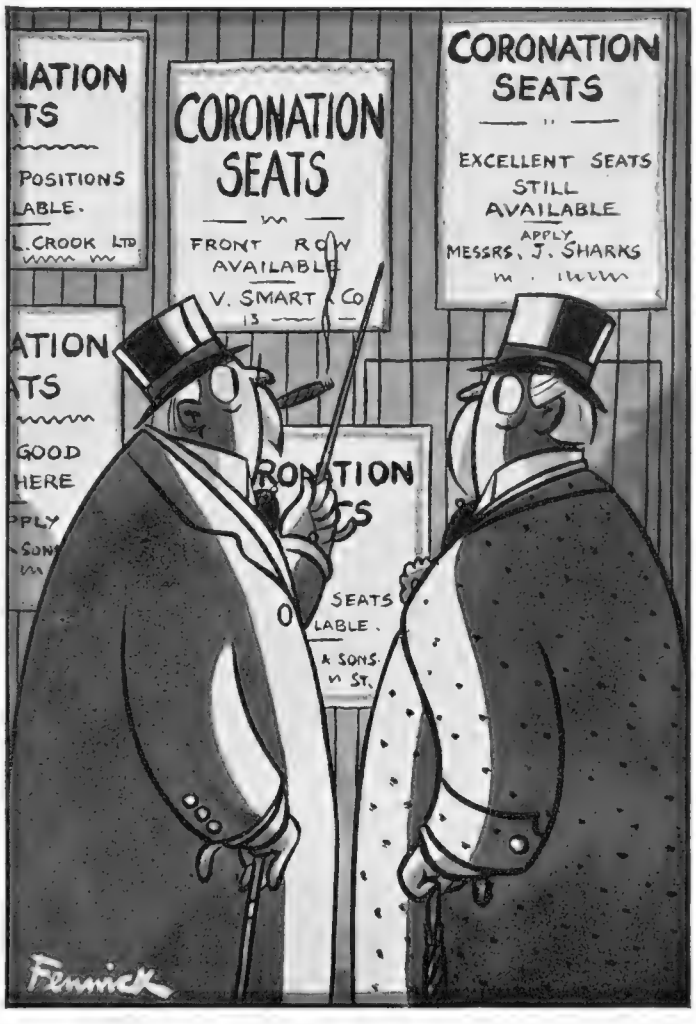
BECAUSE a singer at Deux-Ânes sang a song suggesting that the figure of Tonia Navar, of the Comédie Française isn't what it used to be, that actress has brought an action against him for £5000 damages for defamation, and also offered to strip for the jury. She actually went to the Deux-Ânes, disguised in a blonde wig, and denounced the fellow—a thing Mistinguett or Cécile Sorel, each of whom has been a stock joke of every Montmartre cabaret-singer and revue-writer for about fifty years, would never have dreamed of doing; possibly because neither of them has ever needed more publicity than she normally gets, or, equally possibly, because both are sufficiently eminent and prosperous not to give a hoot what any cabaret satirist sings about them. The French are not usually thin-skinned over this sort of thing, and, of course, they haven't our admirable, all-embracing Libel Laws (commonly called The Rogues' Charter).

Both Paris and New York have the enviable advantage over London of having licence to criticise beyond our most hopeless dreams. A single article of the type of one of Léon Daudet's in the *Action Française*, dealing lovingly and accurately with the characters of politicians like, for example, Briand or Barthou, would land any English publicist instantly into thousands of pounds of damages and about ten years of prison; but Daudet does it every day. The revue stage in both capitals likewise is free to mock at any bigwig it likes, from the President down, and for a Montmartre singer to gibe at an actress of the Comédie is so routine that Mlle. Navar's action for damages must have taken the whole of Paris aback. It 's as if—to attempt a very rough comparison—one of those little Bloomsbury literary men who have had their pants kicked at parties for year by practically everybody, as a matter of principle and tradition, were suddenly to take out a summons for assault. Such happenings are very disturbing.

***Sealed Lips***

THE return of the English Test team from Australia the other day, each bronzed and clean-cut hero strictly forbidden by the M.C.C. to unseal his lips on any topic whatsoever to the Press, has not inexplicably proved irritating to the ace sports-writers, some of whom—Trevor Wignall for one—have been pretty sarcastic about " gagging " and " insulting aloofness " and " snobbery " and " ludicrous stiff-necked rules and regulations " and so forth. " So far as we are aware," said Wignall, " no single person at Paddington wanted to revive scandals, even if any had occurred on the tour. But what was wrong with asking the returned players what they thought of the game as it is now played in Australia, the present form of Bradman . . . ? ", etc., etc. The answer, somebody in close touch with the M.C.C. tells us, is that the authorities are terribly scared of certain unsavoury happenings during the recent Australian tour being made public.

Under pressure, he revealed a few of these. We were hoping to hear of some outbreak of warm-blooded humanity




*" It 's our club all right, Freddie, but how the divil do we get in? "*

among those wooden lads—for example, an England batsman reeling out to the wicket embracing a couple of flushed, lovely women, shouting a French love-song and breaking eventually into a wild pas de trois. Or an England bowler in the middle of an over suddenly yelling "To hell with the lousy game!" jovially hurling the ball at the crowd and dancing a farandole in his underclothes. Nothing of this sort occurred, though actual happenings were almost as disturbing. For example, *on three occasions a professional addressed a remark to an amateur without the captain's written permission.* And on at least two occasions *amateurs consorted off duty with professionals for hours at a time*—by night, it is true, and without deliberately attracting public attention, but still in flagrant defiance of the Rules of Cricket and of decent society.

Finally, on the homeward voyage, at least three professionals, evidently affected by Australian democracy, were heard by fifteen witnesses to say that *it was a jolly rotten shame they weren't allowed to use the same door at Lord's as gentlemen players*, and why couldn't they enjoy this privilege sometimes, if they promised not to abuse it? All these things have been reported to "Jacker," and the M.C.C. will shortly hold an enquiry behind closed doors and award punishment accordingly.

Sealed lips—what would you? Would *you* care to think such stories were getting about?

***Gradely—Our Left-Foot Dept.***

"REALLY," exclaimed Mr. Justice Hawke to a jury at Yorkshire Assizes who passed him a note recently, "what *is* the good of my summing-up to you twelve ladies and gentlemen in a town like Leeds, where I should expect to find hard-headed North-countrymen? Will you kindly tell me whether you think this accident was the plaintiff's fault or not?" Which exclamation strangely echoes and supports Mr. J. B. Priestley's protest in his last book that he is not the hard-headed, hard-faced, ruthless man of affairs some people think him to be, but a retiring and sensitive person (which is true). So, apparently, are Mr. Justice Hawke's jury, rather vague and fluttery in addition, torn this way and that, unable to make up their minds, like bothered doves or twelve Marion Lorne s in a tough spot.

It may be that the "typical" Yorkshireman is becoming extinct; we mean the craggy type, blunt and bluff, which talks all day about brass and sooch-like, has thick eyebrows, knows everything, and oppresses its desperate operatives (but in the end the beautiful daughter in love with the works' manager pleads for mercy and it glumly gives way). In our own experience the real devil for inclemency is the typical Middlesex man, who would grind his own mother's face in the dust for fourpence. There is something in the bleak air of his rough county—especially round Enfield way—which makes the Middlesex man a cross between Gengis Khan and a Press Lord. The late Michael Pope, one of Heaven's own wits, admitted this when he tried once to form a Society of Middlesex Men in London; quite vainly, because when after immense labour he at length got all six together in one pub, they found they had no county folklore, proverbs, homespun wisecracks, or traditions whatsoever, except that each would do the other down as soon as look at him.

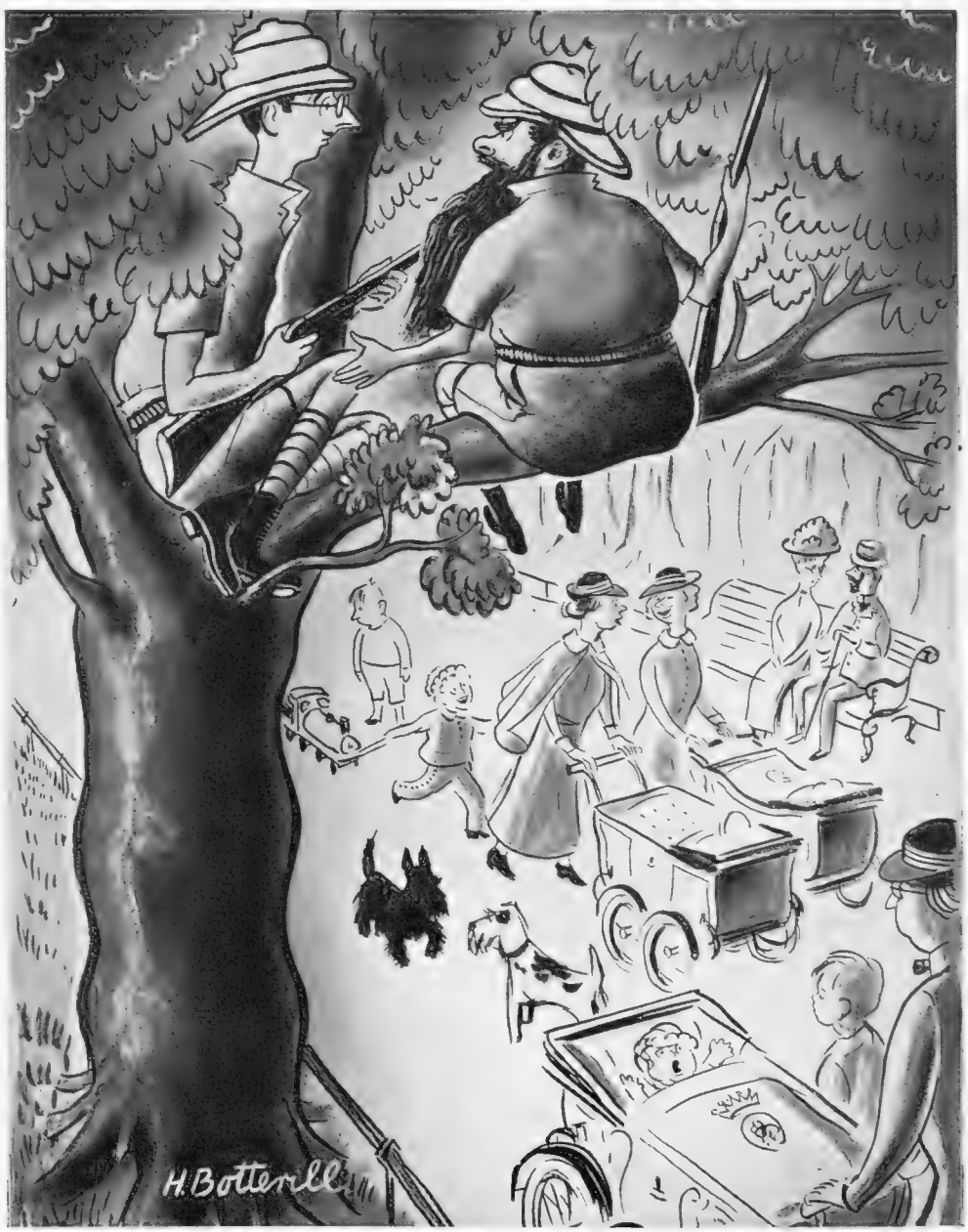
The typical Rutlandshire man . . . but no. This is a decent British weekly, read by (among others) Service chaps, and one has to draw a line. Faugh!

***Plain Jane***

JANE COWL, one of America's leading actresses, struck a new note in stage technique the other day, when she suddenly stopped in the middle of a scene, walked to the footlights, said, "Sorry, but there 's too much noise backstage," and walked off into the wings. Having settled that, she returned, said to the actor with whom she was playing, "Let 's see, where were we?" and resumed the scene.

This technique could be adapted very successfully to the West End, and we 're wondering why it never has been. Breaking off, for example, at "Darling, darling, if I had only known——", the leading lady shouts, "Hold it!" walks to the footlights, leans over and says, "When you two wet hens in Row 3, stalls 17 and 18, have quite finished telling each other about your operations, we 'll get on with this love-scene, what d' you say?" Or: "You in Row 5, stalls 6 and 7—that Empire-builder who looks like a boiled cod at sunset, with the egg-faced girl in green! *Must* you tell her now? Couldn't you possibly wait till this tiresome play 's over? You *could* wait? Thanks *so* much, damn you. Now we can get on." This would be the kind of thing the critics are always clamouring for: the establishing of that intimate personal sympathy and contact between player and public which makes the artist give of his best.

**D. B. Wyndham Lewis**




*"Just who told you there was big game in Kensington Gardens?"*

# Films of the Day

## Criticism or Speculation? : By George Campbell

EXACTLY what is the function of a film critic? In America he is regarded mainly as a reporter. He tells the public what the picture is about and, with the aid of experience, and what he can learn of the reactions of the first-night audience, estimates its chances at the box-office. If it looks like being a great hit, he gives it four or five stars. If its appeal, through subtlety of plot, artistry of treatment, or any other reason, looks like being small, he dismisses it in a few lines as "suited to a few spots where arty stuff goes." I remember a famous American writer being staggered, and shocked, to find that English critics were content to describe their own reactions and let it go at that. "It 's what the public like that matters!" she protested. "It 's your job to find out what the fans are going to think, and write it. Whether you think the same way or not doesn't count. The way you English critics slam pictures that may not be West End or Broadway stuff but knock 'em cold in Kansas and Lancashire—well, it 's just another example of British male egotism!"

BUT is it? If I say honestly that *O Kay for Sound* leaves me quite cold, that is a personal confession into which egotism can hardly be said to enter, always providing that I don't claim to be infallible. If, on the other hand, I arrogate to myself the right to speak for twenty million others, with a pontifical vox populi vox dei note, then it seems to me I am being egotistical indeed. In America, this conception of a critic's functions is carried to such delirious absurdity that *Variety* actually publishes a "Box Office Score," with each critics percentage of "rights" and "wrongs" worked out to two places of decimals! By "right" and "wrong" is meant no more than that the critic has tipped where a given film will finish in the box-office race.

Incidentally, the formula by which *Variety* interprets the average notice, with its mixture of praise and blame, its allowances for local patriotisms, local prejudices and local star-pull, is as difficult to work out as the actual takings of the picture, seldom revealed by the producers, and frequently boosted by extraneous attractions in the programme ranging from a personal appearance by Shirley Temple to an exhibition of strip-teasing.

The American newspapers are not even consistent. If they were, they would give more space to a Zane Grey horse opera than to a new book by Maugham or Dreiser. As good democrats, we must concede that every audience is entitled to the particular brand of entertainment that suits it. To insist that the critic must necessarily praise this brand, however, is as logical as suggesting that we should boost a debased coinage, because, in accordance with Gresham's Law, bad money always drives out good.

ALL this by way of preface to a note on the film already mentioned. *O Kay for Sound* is a new British farce exploiting the Palladium's Crazy Gang—Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox, and Naughton and Gold. At the private show half those present were almost rolling in the aisle while the other half sat gloomily wondering what it was all about. In the suburbs and Provinces I imagine the aisle-rollers will greatly outnumber the gloomy wonderers, and so, if I were writing for *Variety*, which heads all its own box-office scores, and has therefore a reputation to keep up, I should describe *O Kay for Sound* in nothing but superlatives. Its box-office future is assured. Here is a case where the trade tag, "Good booking for popular halls," can be confidently applied.

Speaking purely as an egotistical Briton, I couldn't help sighing for more wit and less falling about, a clearer conception of the nature of film-making, and less of the stereotyped music-hall knockabout. The inspired farceurs—Chaplin, the Marx Brothers, Harold Lloyd, and Buster Keaton—have always realised that a fall in itself isn't funny. (Unless, of course, you have the mind of a savage or, what is culturally the same thing, a child). But given the right setting—such as Chaplin's virtuous and slightly pompous early morning plunge into the river, only to land on his head in six inches of water—a physical mishap can be shatteringly funny. The Crazy Gang are content to supply the gags without bothering to "set" them and build them up; they are maddeningly repetitious; and their satire generally misses fire because with one exception they are not in the least like human beings. The exception is Knox, who gives a parody of a B.B.C. announcer at a fight, and another of a pukka British officer under fire, which seemed to me quite excellent.

*"Shall We Dance?" Yes, Please*

*Harriet Hoctor*

*Mark Sandrich directed the newest Astaire-Rogers film, which is called "Shall We Dance?"—a question whose answer is hardly doubtful. George Gershwin has captured the score from Irving Berlin: Harriet Hoctor, America's way-up ballerina, once said to be ousting Ginger Rogers as Fred's partner, is starred with the two of them, Edward Everett Horton and Eric Blore supply the laughs. Premiere at the Regal to-morrow night*

"LONDON MELODY" is Herbert Wilcox at his best. The story is frankly poor, but is redeemed by the most uniformly polished production that Mr. Wilcox has ever given us. This time Anna Neagle is a waif mixed up somehow with pickpockets. She is befriended by a diplomat (Tullio Carminati), but instead of confessing that they love each other, they drift apart, as people are apt to do on stage and screen, and a good-looking cad (Robert Douglas) gets his chance. The plot follows the conventional path to the bitter end, but is acted so well by all the principals that it held my interest throughout.

## Marlene Dietrich

*Marlene Dietrich has just finished her new film in Hollywood, which is called "Angel," and which Ernst Lubitsch directed. Over here we are still waiting to see "Knight Without Armour," which she made at Denham with Robert Donat playing opposite her*

*The Duchess of Buccleuch and Her Pony, Carina*

*The Duchess with the Duke*

# Scottish Family

## The Duchess of Buccleuch and Her Three Children at Drumlanrig Castle

*Photographs by Stanley M. Ballance*

*of Kent's Magnificent Twelve-Year-Old Alsatian, Dushka*

*The Earl of Dalkeith and His Pony*

These photographs of the Duchess of Buccleuch and her three children were taken at Drumlanrig Castle, Dumfriesshire. Riding is pretty important to the whole family; at Drumlanrig it is possible to ride for miles without seeing a road and, almost, a house. The Duke of Buccleuch is Master of his own pack in the east Border country, and he and the Duchess hunt regularly in the winter. Their son, Lord Dalkeith, will be nine in September. Their elder daughter, Lady Elizabeth Scott, is sixteen this year, and is a lovely fair-haired, sapphire-eyed girl; the younger, Caroline, is ten. The Duke of Buccleuch as Lord Steward of the Household, takes an important part in the Coronation ceremonies; the Duchess is one of the Queen's four canopy-bearers

*Left: Lady Elizabeth Scott and Lady Caroline Scott*

*Howard Coster, London*

# Mr. J. A. Lyons, Prime Minister of Australia

"Heil, Joe Lyons!" was the retort of an Australian athlete to a surfeit of "German greetings" at the Berlin Olympiad. There could be few more ironic counters to "Heil, Hitler!" for the Rt. Hon. Joseph Aloysius Lyons has nothing in common with dictators. Quiet, with a sense of humour, with no love of ceremony (his uniform for the Coronation will be a hired one), with by no means absolute power (he has to face an election on his return home), the head of Australia's delegation to the Coronation and Imperial Conference was trained at state and convent schools as a teacher. His first school was at Bradshaw's Creek, Tasmania, then he fell from education into politics, first state, then federal, taking office in 1914 and becoming P.M. in 1932, during which time he held portfolios for the Treasury, Railways, Mines, Health, Repatriation, and the Post Office. So he is well suited to hold his present varied Cabinet together. As well as his official residence at The Lodge, Canberra, he has a house at Devonport in Tasmania, married in 1915 and is the father of a family of eleven

A COPY OF THIS PICTURE CAN BE OBTAINED (POST FREE) ON APPLICATION TO DEPT. B., THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD., ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W. 1. C.F.H.

The King as a Sailor: from a painting by Doris Zinkeisen

# The CORONATION CHAMPION

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*Viscountess Moore*

*Mrs. Stanley Baldwin*

*Miss Curigwen Lewis went to see herself as Jane Eyre by Harold Knight*

*Lady Demetriadi, her arm in a sling, went with Mlle. Hélène Haas, the French sculptress*

# Art in Season

## Private View Day at Burlington House

*Sir John Lavery is with Lady Castlerosse. His four exhibits include a musical "conversation piece" at Wimborne House*

*Dame Laura Knight shows six pictures, including two portraits, and Mrs. Dod Proctor has five, all flower subjects but one*

*Miss Dorette Woodward and Mr. Gerald L. Brockhurst went together. His six portraits include one of Miss Woodward, his model, as Ophelia*

# "A Wedding Bouquet"

## The Berners—Stein—Ashton Ballet at Sadler's Wells

*Below: Robert Helpmann as the much-harassed Bridegroom; Margot Fonteyn as Julia, "the other woman" who reveals her unrequited passion for the Bridegroom at most inopportune moments; Mary Honer as the Bride whose confidence in her hold on the Bridegroom is not to be shaken*

*Julia and the Bridegroom dance a pas de deux. Gertrude Stein gives her "Is known as forlorn" as her signature-quotation*

*Josephine ("She may be wearing a gown newly washed and pressed") is an irrepressibly gay guest, played with much charm and liveliness, whether drunk or sober, by June Brae*

*The Bride ("Charming! Charming! Charming!") and Bridegroom ("They all speak as if they expected him not to be charming") are given a humorously grotesque pas de deux which is the ballet's most important dance*

Shall we call Lord Berners a fifth Marx Brother or a Lewis Carroll of ballet? His "Wedding Bouquet" is glorious nonsense, more fantastic than burlesque, more witty than farce. His period is early Edwardian, his theme is a French provincial wedding, set to his own music and words by Gertrude Stein, decorated by his own setting and dresses. From the company comes the choreography by Frederick Ashton, whose collaboration with Lord Berners is obviously a perfect one; the execution of the dresses by William Chappell; and a brilliant performance by the dancers. Robert Helpmann's Bridegroom, alternately self-satisfied and harassed, is a comic masterpiece. Besides the chief characters photographed here, there is an awesome and flat-footed maid called Webster superbly characterised by Ninette de Valois

*Left: Pépé, Julia's Dog ("Little dogs resemble little girls") is brilliantly danced by Joyce Farron, the youngest member of the company. Right: Julia and her dog provide the comic melancholy of the ballet's finale*

*Photographs by Anthony*

*John Everard*

# Soliloquy on Ceremony

## Laurence Olivier as Henry V at the Old Vic

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children and our sins lay on the king!
We must bear all. O hard condition!
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing. What infinite heart's ease
Must king's neglect that private men enjoy!
And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

# The Theatre

## By Herbert Farjeon

*Sketches by Rouson*

*Private — later corporal, lieutenant, captain and general — Fritz: Bruce Carfax*

*Source of promotion, the love-smitten Grand Duchess: Enid Cruickshank*

***"The Grand Duchess" (Daly's)***

WITH the production of this Offenbach operetta, Daly's becomes something like itself again. For, after all, the succession of comedies and strong plays which, each under a different management, have followed one another at this famous theatre during the past few years, set up no new tradition. They merely interrupted an old one. Who could forget the sprightliness of young Marie Tempest, the sweetness of lovely Lily Elsie, the vocal brilliance of generous José Collins, each of whom reigned here in turn as queens of song? These quite eclipsed the memory of the original Shakespeare seasons given, when he built the theatre, by Augustin Daly himself. When, therefore, on the first night of *The Grand Duchess*, the rise of the curtain revealed a regimental chorus of eighteenth-century grenadiers in full song, we experienced a satisfactory feeling that justice was being done once more to the good old rafters. And if some of us were a little bored by the rather heavy gaiety of the subsequent proceedings, they were, at least, the sort of proceedings that one had a right to be bored by in the particular environment.

HERE, in the good old tradition, was the Grand Duchess of a petty German state with orchestral accompaniment. Miss Enid Cruickshank, being no Evie Green, had a hard task before her, for this Grand Duchess, though the principal character, is no sympathetic heroine, and it needs a strong and flashing personality to compel the interest of the audience. Contraltos always have an uphill task in light opera, and though, I understand, there have been famous interpreters of this part in the past, Miss Cruickshank is hardly likely to rank with them. Here, in the right tradition again, was a handsome and dashing private, rapidly promoted by his royal and all-too-attentive patroness—for Fritz really loves, not the Grand Duchess, but the pretty little peasant girl Wanda, whom he eventually marries instead of being shot at dawn. Mr. Bruce Carfax performs this part with a swagger worthy of Mr. Bertram Wallis in his heydey. If he would not lay his finger to his nose quite so often, he would be almost unexceptionable.

HERE, quite as it should be once more, were a comic baron and a co-comic general, soundly acted by Mr. Eddie Garr and Mr. W. S. Percy. Mr. Garr is of the W. H. Berry school, which was founded in Daly's Theatre. Mr. Percy, who puts in some excellent cloak-work and is a neat and comic strutter, reminds one more of Henry Lytton or Walter Passmore. This is the part Mr. George Graves would have played in the old days, introducing large fertile slabs of patter. Mr. Percy confines himself more artistically within the limits of the original script, being an interpreter rather than a gagger. But one could wish that this original script were more exhilarating, for, truth to tell, it is something too musty, even for historical sentimentalists like myself.

NEVERTHELESS, *The Grand Duchess* may be welcomed as the precurser of a new and the reviver of an old policy. We are glad, if not to see it, to have it at Daly's, as we should be glad to see Miss Gladys Cooper, when she returns to England, back at the Playhouse, or Mr. Cyril Maude, who is said to be on the verge of another appearance, back at the Haymarket. For it is not till old customs are given up that we realise how pleasant they were. And if they seem to have been pleasant partly because we were younger then, we are all game to have a shot at renewing our youth, even if it sometimes misfires.

*Dirty work at the international cross-roads: W. S. Percy, Eddie Garr and Richard Goolden*

"Bystander" Short Story No. 87

# The Dome

## By Rolf Bennett

*Illustration by Holland*

*"For rising above the trees about half-a-mile away was a huge golden dome"*

"THE transition from life to death," he remembered Harvey saying, "must be a state of complete unawareness. Not an experience, for an experience is something of which we are conscious. But something of which we know nothing and remember nothing cannot be called an experience."

"What you really mean, I take it," Ackroyd had said, "is that the dead are not aware of dying?"

"You can put it that way," Harvey had answered. "Or, in other words, suppose death to be merely a bridge between one form of existence and another—or between our three-dimensional existence and an existence unhampered by dimensions at all — we, at the point of making the crossing, are wholly unaware of doing so. We fall asleep, as it were, and wake up without realising we have been asleep. We are aware of no break in the continuity of things."

At the time, this discussion had seemed to Paul Lorrimer very erudite, very profound and a little daring. Now, faced with death himself, aware that in a few moments he must cross that mysterious bridge, Harvey's argument seemed little more than pompous mouthing. For what did he, or anyone else, know of the passage between life and the state called death?

Queer, though, that he should recall Harvey's words now; queerer still that he should feel faintly amused by them. A man facing eternity might, one would have thought, have found something more important to dwell upon than a half-forgotten discussion in a London club.

He became aware that the boat-deck had taken a steeper slant and involuntarily his fingers closed more tightly round the hand-rail he was clutching. Then it lurched upwards suddenly, and Paul Lorrimer felt the water rush upon him. Next moment he was engulfed and striking out blindly, frantically, obeying not his will, but an irresistible impulse. He was conscious of an enveloping darkness that seemed to be literally crushing him, of a feeling of suffocation, of lungs that seemed to be on the point of bursting.

That passed.

He was with Helen. They were very angry with each other. She had just called him a cave-man, adding that he had better find himself a cave-woman—an all-feminine creature who would obey his slightest whim and shudder at his frown.

"You 're talking rot, Helen, and you know it!" he retorted.

"I 'm not! Because we 're engaged, I 'm not just your property!" she told him hotly. "You can't order me about like a slave, or decide who shall be my friends and who shan't!"

"I 've not attempted anything of the kind," he objected, trying to keep his temper under control. "All the same, I have a right to warn you against Jack Bazeley. He 's worse than a bounder—he 's a young blackguard!"

"He 's not! And if he were, I 've a right to know him if I want to!" cried the girl. "You 're just disgustingly jealous, that 's all! You have the mentality—as far as women are concerned—of an old-fashioned Turk!"

They broke off their engagement. Three years passed and during that time Paul heard and saw nothing of Helen Norman. This, no doubt, was partly due to the fact that he was abroad most of the time on business connected with his firm. Then came a nervous breakdown which the doctors attributed to overwork. Paul thought differently, but allowed himself to be persuaded to go for a pleasure cruise in the Pacific. After all, one place was as good as another without Helen, he told himself bitterly.

And so he had sailed in the Spartan, and they had just left Honolulu for Suva. She must have called at this island, he told himself, in order to give the passengers a run ashore. Otherwise, how came he to be here lying upon a beach, the sands of which were so delightfully warm and yielding? Behind him, feathery palms waved in the soft, perfumed breeze, while overhead was a sky of the purest translucent blue. He wondered lazily whether it would be possible to remain here always.

Then gradually, as he lay there between sleeping and waking, memory began to reassert itself. That terrific storm after leaving Honolulu; the discovery that the Spartan had struck a submerged reef and was sinking. The departure of the boats with the women and children; the tilting deck and that last terrific lurch when the sea had engulfed him. And then oblivion.

Yet he could not recall losing consciousness. There had been, so far as he could remember, no hiatus, no break in the chain of sensations, no gap in his consciousness. It was not even like waking up after a sleep.

But for the moment, the question of how he came to be here was of less importance than the problem of finding

(Concluded on page 268)

# Four Engagements

*Cannons of Hollywood*

### *Miss Mersa Foster*

*Mersa Wentworth Foster, youngest daughter of the late Major E. B. G. Foster and Mrs. Foster, of Warmwell, Dorset, is engaged to John Edward Gibbons. He is the only son of Sir Alexander Gibbons, Bt., and Lady Gibbons, of Crewkerne, Somerset*

*Bassano*

### *Miss Nancy Louisa Jones*

*Has announced her engagement to Lord Walpole. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harding Jones, of Harlow; Lord Walpole is the only son of the late Horatio Spencer Walpole and Mrs. Walpole, a descendant of the first Earl of Orford's (cr. 1806) brother; he succeeded to the Walpole baronies when the earldom became extinct*

*Cannons of Hollywood*

### *Miss Hermione Williams*

*Who has announced her engagement to Lt. Terence Butler, R.N., is the only child of the late Comdr. T. C. H. Williams and Mrs. Williams, of Grove Court, Drayton Gardens, S.W., and her fiancé is the only son of the late Hon. Francis Butler and Mrs. Butler and a grandson of the late Lord Lanesborough*

*Tunbridge*

### *Miss Mary Collins*

*Mary Collins, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Collins, of 31, Lennox Gardens, S.W., and Victor Seely, the late Sir Charles Seely and Lady Seely's second son, are being married on June 8th. Mr. Seely's sister, Lady Allendale, is lending her house in Piccadilly for the reception*

## The Dome (Continued from page 266)

food and shelter. The island, he imagined, was uninhabited and he would have to fend for himself until he was rescued by some passing ship. Not that he was in any hurry to be rescued at present. This spot seemed nearer his conception of Paradise than any other he had ever seen.

He decided to do a little exploring. Rising to his feet, he saw that he was in a small, enclosed bay and that, except for the narrow strip of sand on which he had been lying, the palms and undergrowth extended right to the water's edge on both sides of him. To explore, therefore, he must force a way through the surrounding foliage.

Suddenly he stiffened and grew tense. For borne faintly upon the breeze as from a great distance, came the sound of music, but music such as he had never heard before. He tried to describe it to himself, but failed. It was not barbaric exactly, but the sort of music one might expect to hear from instruments no longer used by modern musicians. That, at least, was how it struck him.

Determined to get to the bottom of this mystery, he plunged into the surrounding jungle. It was not so dense as he had feared, but all the same, it was hard going and presently he was glad to rest on a fallen tree-trunk. Everything seemed very still after the noise made by snapping twigs and the rustle of branches thrust violently aside. And then he suddenly heard again that mysterious music, but this time accompanied by what sounded like human voices raised in a chant.

For no reason whatever, there flashed into his mind those words which Harvey had uttered more than three years ago:

*The transition from life to death must be a complete unawareness. Not an experience, for an experience is something of which we are conscious. But something of which we know nothing and, remember, nothing cannot be called an experience.*

Had he been called upon to describe what had happened to himself, Paul reflected, these words would describe it precisely. He had been conscious of no gap, no interlude, no "oblivion." Only afterwards, when thinking back, had he recalled those last moments on the sinking ship. There had been, so to speak, no sudden jerk from one set of sensations to another.

Suddenly he laughed aloud at the absurdity of all this, and, starting to his feet, pressed forward again. The ground now began to rise and progress became more difficult. At last he reached the top of the incline and, standing there, was able to catch a glimpse of the sea. Then, turning his gaze in the opposite direction, he experienced the greatest shock of his life.

For rising above the trees about half a mile away was a huge golden dome. It was so bright with the sun beating down upon it that his eyes were dazzled and he had to look away.

And this time fear mingled with his astonishment—fear of that which he dared not admit to himself openly. He tried to tell himself that he must have stumbled upon the secret temple of some strange sect which had chosen this out-of-the-way island as a place of worship. But a moment's reflection showed him that this was impossible. Even in a sea as vast as the Pacific with its thousands of scattered islands, such an amazing structure could not have remained unnoticed and unknown.

Yet there it was, unless he was the victim of some extraordinary hallucination, in defiance of every probability. What reason declared to be impossible stood there before his eyes as solid and substantial, apparently, as St. Paul's Cathedral.

He went on again, determined to see more of this amazing edifice with its golden dome. But now he proceeded more cautiously, for there was no knowing what sort of people he might encounter, or how they would regard the advent of a stranger in their midst.

The ground sloped gently downwards now and the going was easier. A little further on the forest ended abruptly—so abruptly that Paul had to pull up sharply to prevent himself from stepping right into a great clearing that lay before him. Then, peering through the foliage, he found himself gazing at what, he thought, must be the strangest spectacle ever presented to the eyes of a modern man.

The clearing, he now saw, was a vast amphitheatre surrounded on three sides by low, wooded hills such as the one he had just come down. From where he stood he could see the structure that supported the huge golden dome. It was square with a façade raised on gigantic pillars rather in the manner of an ancient Greek temple, though the architecture was certainly not Greek. It was, as far as he could place it at all, Byzantine, for the spaces below the pillars were arched and the upper part of the proscenium was carved with the images of fabulous beasts.

So much his first glance took in, and then he became aware that the amphitheatre itself was thronged with people. Some of them wore patched and tattered garments; others appeared to be sumptuously attired in the style of, perhaps, a thousand years ago. Long gaberdines and cloaks, some of them of brilliantly coloured material, were worn by the men, most of whom were bearded. The women were less gaudily arrayed in long robes of black or white, the folds of which were drawn over the head.

They were silent now and almost motionless, staring towards the temple in attitudes of tense expectation. The music which Paul had heard before began afresh, but the musicians were hidden from view. Suddenly the silence was broken by a strident blast of trumpets, whereupon the assembled multitude prostrated itself. Then, as the sound died away, a tall man with long white hair and a white beard advanced slowly in front of the temple. A crown was upon his head and he wore a sort of breastplate that appeared to be of gold encrusted with gems.

Reaching the centre, he turned and stood facing the people. Then he slowly raised both arms and as they reached their full extent, the trumpets sounded again. Simultaneously, the multitude rose and shouted in a voice of thunder one word:

"SOLOMON!"

*Solomon!* At that word a preposterous suspicion flashed across Paul's mind—a suspicion beyond the wildest efforts of a weaver of fairy-tales. And yet . . .

Suppose Time were like a circle, having neither beginning nor end, in which everything that ever had happened, or would happen, was happening now in some segment of that imagined circle? A being freed from the limitations of a three-dimensional existence could pass from one segment to another. There could be no "time-lag," and therefore the artificial division between one era and another would have disappeared.

If this were so, then the incredible suspicion which had flashed across his mind must be nothing less than the truth. And it was this: that what he was now witnessing was nothing less than *the inauguration of the Temple of Solomon*!

It was not that he had gone back some thousands of years—in a timeless state there could be no going forward or backward—but that he had passed from one segment of the Time Circle to another. He was no longer a three-dimensional being, limited by earth time and earth space; he was on another plane.

But to have achieved this he must be *dead*. Dead, that is, as far as the world he had known was concerned. He had crossed what Harvey called "the bridge," and, as Harvey had also maintained, without being aware of it.

Paul's first sensation on reaching this conclusion was one of devastating and unimaginable loneliness. It was the terrifying loneliness that a man might feel who had been marooned on some other planet and knew he could never escape. Oblivion, an endless sleep, would, he felt, have been a thousand times better than this appalling sense of inhuman isolation.

Once more he found himself looking towards the kingly figure beneath the towering façade. A white-robed girl was kneeling before him now, holding a chalice in both hands. Into this the man dipped a brush like a horse-hair plume and, withdrawing it, flicked it in the direction of the kneeling crowd. The girl rose to her feet, and in doing so, turned her face in Paul's direction. A hoarse cry burst from his lips, shattering the silence of the great amphitheatre.

"*Helen!*"

Forgetting all caution, everything save the fact that the girl he still loved was there before his very eyes, he rushed from his hiding-place. But he had gone no more than a few yards when he was seized and flung to the ground. In vain he struggled with the fierce-eyed, bearded men who held him. Then an angry voice made itself heard above the tumult:

"Say, who 's that guy?"

A big man wearing horn-rimmed glasses and with a cigar between his teeth thrust his way to where Paul lay upon the ground.

"You — you darned, bone-headed sap!" he spluttered furiously. "You 've ruined a scene costing fifty thousand dollars! It 'll have to be shot all over again! Who the hell are you, anyway, and where d'you come from?"

WHEN, some six months later, Paul led to the altar Helen Norman (who, as the newspapers reminded their readers, had made such a hit in the stupendous film, *The Temple of Solomon*), she was given away by Mr. Victor J. Spragg, the world-famous director of All-Star Films, Inc.

THE END.

# Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

The strains of that old music hall song, "I Do Like to Be Beside the Seaside," are recalled by this charming beach coat in glazed chintz. So gay and carefree, it is designed by Jaeger, 204, Regent Street, and costs five guineas. The plain top with short sleeves is blue, while the full skirt is noted for its original and fantastic design entitled "Picnic" by one of our leading artists. It is a medley of vivid colours and confirms the news that we shall all see ourselves in print this season. For people, however, who prefer something less striking, Jaeger's have designed a short, circular cape in wool linen. It is reversible, blue one side and red the other, with a detachable hood, and goes well over a printed wool swim suit

# Checking Up On Suits

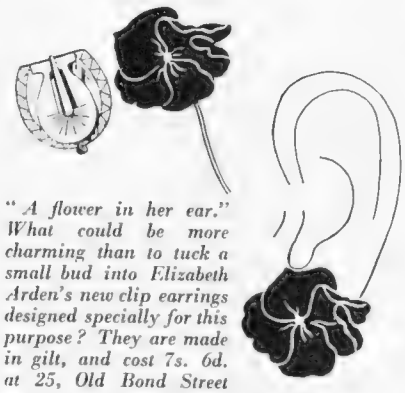
England, except during a heat-wave, is seldom warm enough for really thin clothes without the addition of a coat, yet it is as well to look summery while the sun is shining. Pictured below is the perfect outfit for the average summer day, as it is warm without being hot and always looks cool. The material is white knitted cloqué, appliquéd with navy blue motifs, and the waisted jacket is short and close-fitting. It has rounded corners and broad shoulders; while the skirt is straight and narrow. A dark blue cravat adds a finishing touch, and the price is only 4½ guineas from the sportswear department at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. It can, of course, be made in other colours to order, and would look charming in lemon with black

*Alexander*

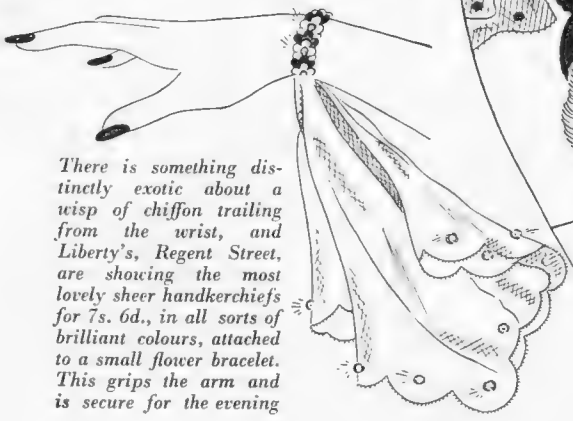
Checks, like spots, are always fashionable and return year after year. They provide a pleasing touch of colour on the knitted linen suit above, and appear in diagonal formation. The jumper coat is belted and cut with a slight "kick," while the collar and six pockets are piped in the same shade as the check. Pleats lend width to the skirt and the cost is 4½ guineas. People travelling abroad will find the sportswear salons at Harvey Nichols quite invaluable, as there is a wide choice of attractive models. Coloured embroidery in the shape of sparkling sequins is introduced round the basque and down the front of a white bouclé bridge coat which could also be worn during the day with a pleated skirt, while knitted ribbon is used for a becoming two-piece. Jumpers for sports and country wear range from 14s. 9d., and are available in many shades

# the bystander twins in search of NOVELTIES

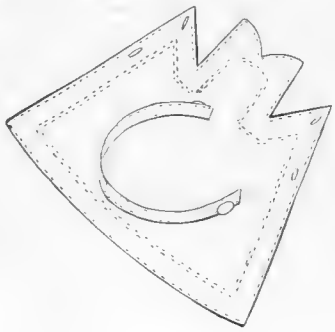
discovered by peta; pictured by pam.



"A flower in her ear." What could be more charming than to tuck a small bud into Elizabeth Arden's new clip earrings designed specially for this purpose? They are made in gilt, and cost 7s. 6d. at 25, Old Bond Street

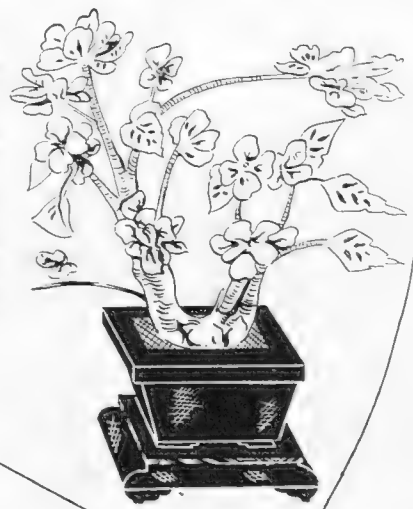


There is something distinctly exotic about a wisp of chiffon trailing from the wrist, and Liberty's, Regent Street, are showing the most lovely sheer handkerchiefs for 7s. 6d., in all sorts of brilliant colours, attached to a small flower bracelet. This grips the arm and is secure for the evening

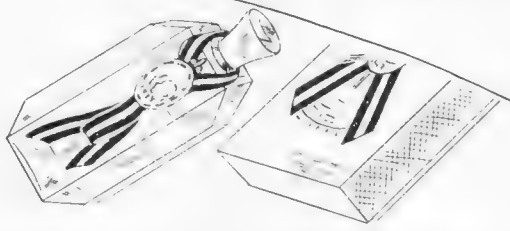


The ideal summer hat, which pulls to pieces and folds up into a small pocket handkerchief when travelling, is sketched on the left. It is designed by Hubert Harmon in crisp, apple-green linen, and was recently shown at the Ideal Home Exhibition where it met with great success

A substantial pair of scales used to be necessary when weighing a letter, but now all you need is a fountain-pen. Two views are given of this ingenious device, which is easily manipulated and absolutely accurate



The mysterious beauty and enchantment of the East is reflected in this lovely wind-blown tree from Liberty's, whose flowers and foliage are a blaze of jewel colourings. The leaves are made of jasper, while the blossoms include amethysts and pale jade



Everyone will wish to commemorate this momentous year by buying a scented souvenir of Potter and Moore's Mitcham Lavender. Flasks and bottles of this delicate perfume are being specially issued during the Coronation season, with bronze plaques of their Majesties King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth

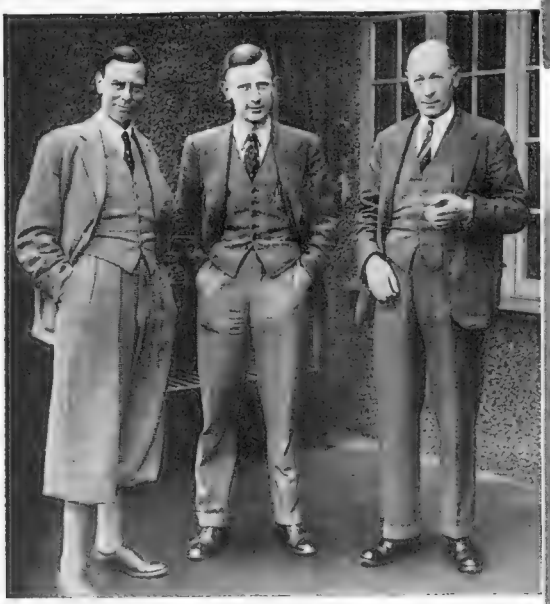
# Golf Clubs at Home : Highgate

*Dr. Oliver Ive, J. A. J. Venmore (captain) and G. A. Grant*

*C. E. Palmer (committee)*

*R. D. Knox*

Highgate Golf Club is the nearest course to the centre of London on the northern side of the Thames. It was formed in 1904, mainly of refugees from the old East Finchley Club. Since then the course has been entirely transformed, the governing feature being the position of the clubhouse, which is central, and at the highest spot. The course sees more continuous play than any other in London, owing to its accessibility



*A. C. Soutten (secretary), F. W. Barnes (vice-captain) and G. S. MacMillan (ex-captain)*

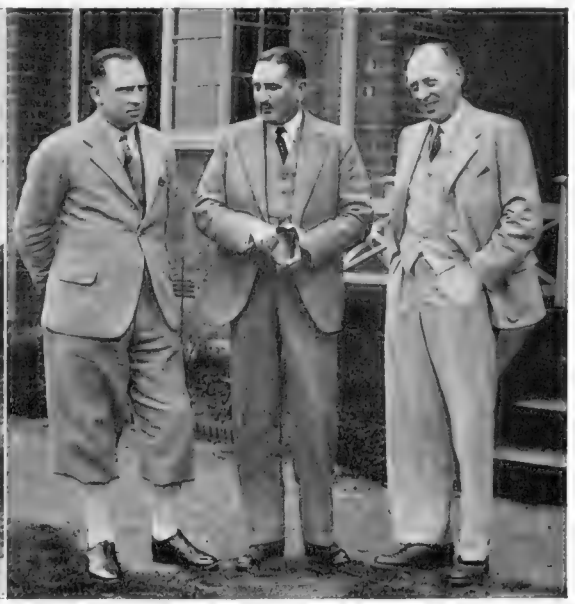
*Dr. R. P. Garrow*

*P. G. Petch*

*G. A. Whipple*

*A. S. Dixon (committee), G. M. Campbell (ex-captain and president) and W. T. Hunt*

*M. R. Gardner*



*C. T. FitzGerald, J. M. Gilfillan (committee) and Alec Griffiths (committee)*

# J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

## The Final at Saunton

J. J. F. Pennink (Royal Ashdown Forest G.C.) won the English Amateur Golf Championship on the Old Course at Saunton by defeating Leonard G. Crawley (Brancepeth Castle G.C.) in the final by six holes up and five holes to play over thirty-six holes.

Pennink was captain of golf at Oxford in 1935, and the same year won the West of England Championship; he played extremely well in the Open Championship at Hoylake last year. He does not play a great deal, and consequently it is not generally known what a very good golfer he is. He played on the Society tour in Scotland at the beginning of last month, when he had the opportunity of playing on eight golf links in six days. This tour should have been (and I feel sure it was) of great value to him as a golfer, because not only did he play on a large number of very good courses, but also with a large number of partners and opponents, from whom he was bound to learn something about the game, although they were nearly all less competent golfers than he is himself.

I do not think that people realise what an enormous advantage the young golfers of Oxford and Cambridge have. Practically no other young golfers have such golden opportunities of playing against so many good players on so many good courses as the undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge. It is extremely hard—perhaps even impossible—for a young player of any game to become really first-class unless he has the opportunity of playing fairly regularly with older players who can extend him fully. It is also very nearly impossible to breed good golfers on bad courses. I have noticed time and again that the general standard of play of the members of golf clubs improves very considerably after their courses have been brought up to date.

Crawley is a much more experienced golfer than Pennink, and has been playing a tremendous amount of golf lately and also practising very hard both on golf-courses and in nets in the City. Since he played golf for Cambridge in 1925 he has won the English Championship—namely, at Hunstanton in 1931—and should have won it again in 1934 at Formby, where, after being six up at lunch time in the final, he was beaten on the thirty-seventh green by Stanley Lunt. He also won the President's Putter in 1931, and has won numerous medals at St. Andrews.

He played in the Walker Cup match of 1932 at Brooklyn, when he was the only Briton to win a single, and in the same match at St. Andrews in 1934, in which he was asked to play after he had put his clubs away for the summer and started to play cricket. I have not yet discovered why he was not selected to play in the Walker Cup match at Pine Valley last year.

I wrote last week that the links at Saunton suited Pennink's type of golf admirably, but I did not mention that it would be difficult to find a golf-course more unsuitable to Crawley's type of play: his great power and colossal length were of little advantage, and the formations of the putting greens and their surrounds exaggerated the weaknesses in his short game. During the whole of this championship Crawley used wooden clubs regularly on only four teeing grounds, and certainly showed sound judgment by doing so.

On a links which was so obviously against him, I think that Crawley, in reaching the final, put up just as good a performance as Pennink did in winning. On his way to the final, Crawley beat D. I. Stirk by 3 and 2, Captain J. V. C. Moberley by 6 and 4, D. C. Vaughan-Harbourne by 3 and 1, Lister Hartley by 2 and 1, A. D. Coates by 3 and 2, Arnold Bentley by two holes, and F. Smith by two holes.

On his way to victory, Frank Pennink beat H. D. G. Gray by 9 and 8, L. W. Wheeler by 5 and 3, Cecil Middleton by 4 and 3, K. M. Wood, of the Madras Gymkhana, by 4 and 2, Harry Bentley at the twentieth hole, Willie Sutton by 2 and 1, Geoffrey Illingworth by 2 and 1, and Leonard Crawley by 6 and 5 over thirty-six holes. From the above you can see that Pennink had a better bag than Crawley.

Hardly anyone wins a golf championship or, in fact, any golf event of importance, without having a narrow squeak or lucky victory. Pennink certainly had both in his match against Harry Bentley. Standing all square on the seventeenth tee, Pennink pulled to blazes to see his ball bounce off a young mountain to the edge of the green; Bentley replied with a very good shot about five yards from the hole; Pennink holed for a two from about twenty yards and left his opponent with the unenviable job of holing his five-yarder for the half, which he did most gallantly.

The eighteenth was halved in five after both players had reached the green in two shots. Two beautiful iron shots to the nineteenth green saw a half in three.

At the twentieth justice was not done. Pennink sliced his tee shot so far that he was over the ditch which runs along the right of the fairway, and found a perfect lie; Bentley then hit a good tee shot; both hit bad seconds, short and to the right; Pennink then played his third bad shot at this hole by chipping more than three yards past the hole; Bentley played quite a good chip to less than two yards beyond the hole. Pennink holed. Bentley missed. Exit Bentley most unluckily. Thus are championships won and lost.

Pennink has to thank his putter more than any other club for his victory. It was madness to try to pitch to the majority of the greens—consequently the ball had to be run up continually, and under the conditions there is no doubt that the best club was the putter. But Pennink has every shot in his bag and is a very worthy champion.

*J. J. F. Pennink, the New Amateur Champion*

*Making his second appearance in the Championship and his first in the final, Frank Pennink (Ashdown Forest) ex-Oxford captain and ex-West of England champion, became English amateur champion by beating L. G. Crawley in the final at Saunton. He is receiving the cup from Mr. J. C. Christie*

*Semi-Finalist*

*F. Smith (Berrow Artisans) beat Frazier in the sixth round and met his match in the semi-final at the hands of Crawley by two holes*

*Sixth Round Battlers*

*G. Illingworth (Woking) and A. G. Skinner (Sidmouth) met in the round before the semi-final and the former won by two holes, going on to meet the eventual champion and lose to him by 2 and 1*

# One Day Spring Medal Foursomes

## By Eleanor E. Helme

*The Winners Receive the Trophies*

*There were quite a few Dominion players at Wentworth, so it was appropriate that Mrs. Halse Rogers, founder of the L.G.U.s of Australia and New South Wales, should present the prizes. Mrs. A. H. Gilligan (Roehampton) and Miss Kathleen Garnham (The Naze) are seen with the trophies; they won with a score of 73 on the Centre course, 78 on the East (=151)*

DEAR BYSTANDER,

SUCH a glorious sunny day as the Clerk of the Weather treated us to for BYSTANDER One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes! There have been past occasions when problems of casual ice, let alone casual water, have obtruded themselves into this competition; others when suckers and other abominations meant hurried emergency local rules, and one could only admire the pluck of couples who slogged round twice in the wet and cold and kept cheerful about it. This year wiped out all that. Sitting in Wentworth's lounge wrestling with cards, you envied the competitors outside, thinking at the same time that it was amazingly pleasant to have such a big airy place to sit in yourself, with that Dutch garden just ablaze with tulips and so forth to be seen whenever an eye could be removed from handicap certificates to look at it.

I AM sorry if this account of the proceedings must be written rather from inside—which, in this case, is not a recommendation of special knowledge, but a statement of fact, caused by what Vagrant calls "the indivisibility of the human frame." One cannot run a competition and watch it at the same time, however competent the helpers—and nobody could ask for better than Miss Harvey, Miss Hill, Mrs. Griffin as the team who wrestled with the intricacies of scratch aggregate, handicap aggregate, scratch on the East, scratch on the Centre, handicap on the East and handicap on the Centre. I sometimes wonder in the more hectic moments why *Eve* ever invented so complicated a competition, but it certainly does give visitors a chance of sampling two courses in one day, and lets them wipe out morning misdeeds with something good in the afternoon. Not that a couple often comes up from behind to win the cups, which, of course, are the reward of scratch aggregate virtue; leaders are hard to catch under scratch conditions, and the ultimate winners can generally be found to have been amongst the first three at lunch time.

SO it was all according to custom that Mrs. Harold Gilligan and Miss Kathleen Garnham, who were eventually to win, should be nearest par on either course when all the morning rounds were in. They had got round the Centre, the shortest of Wentworth's three courses, in 73, par being 70. Short holes are always the hall-mark of good scoring, and they had duly begun with a 3, added a 2 and a couple of other 3s by the turn, another 2 and two more 3s by the finish, 35 out and 38 home. On the East course nobody had coped successfully with the difficulties, though nobody could exactly define what they were, and we, behind the tables, wondered if it were the sheer intoxication of such a glorious spring day, which is apt to be particularly beautiful amongst Wentworth's birches and pines and larches, even if the bluebells are hardly at their best yet. For nobody could find any fault with the conditions;

(Continued on page 276)

*Mrs. Poulton (Sonning) and Miss A. Lane (Henley) won the 18-holes' handicap on the Centre course, after a tie with Mrs. Llewellyn and Mrs. O'Neill Butler; the other two prize winners in the picture are the Barton sisters, Mervyn and Pam (Royal Mid-Surrey), runners-up in the foursomes with 153—a morning 85 made up for by an afternoon 68*

*Mrs. W. W. Walker (West Essex) and Miss Dorrit Wilkins (Chigwell) played together and returned 80 in the morning and 79 in the afternoon, taking the East scratch prize*

*Using each other as score-tables were Mrs. Guedalla and Miss Audrey Regnart, and Mrs. Kennedy and Miss Brenda Norris. The former partnership from Walton Heath returned 161 with 79 and 82. The others finished with 163*

1.15a.

a big
cocktail party—
a
hurried "hullo darling"—
and you're left
with a hitherto
strange young man . . .

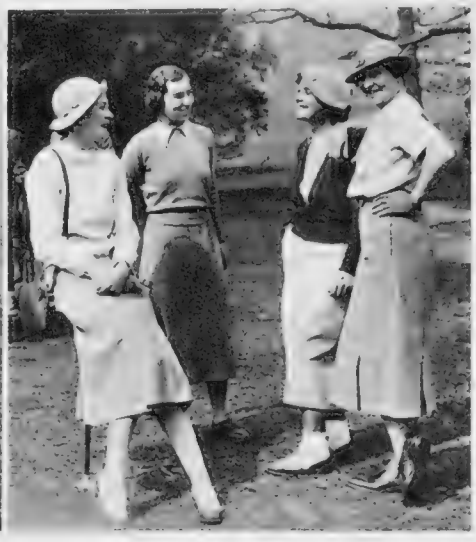
have you
ever noticed
what
a
blessing
a
cigarette
can
be . . .

on occasions
such as this
when
you're
feeling
a
little
bit
"lost"?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

*Mrs. Cyril Beard and Mrs. Hickman are with the Scottish mother and daughter pair, Mrs. Mungo Park and Miss C. M. Park; they won the East course handicap prize*

*Mrs. Beecroft and Miss Cooke (Beaconsfield), Miss D. Stephens and Mrs. F. A. Stephens (Burhill) were striding along in the record spring weather at Wentworth*



*Miss U. Hotchkiss is with an Australian visitor, Miss P. Nankivell, and Mrs. Hillman Grey with a South African visitor, Mrs. Daysh, who is from Durban*

## One Day Spring Medal Foursomes *(Continued from page 274)*

everybody said the courses were in the most perfect order, it was simply that people played badly, so that no morning card came nearer than nine strokes, gross, to the par of the East course, which is 73. The two leaders round it were Mrs. Carbutt and Mrs. Graeme Pyke, who you remember swept the entire board once when we were at Wentworth, and they were Miss De Montmorency and Miss Peech. That faithful pair, Mrs. Guedalla and Miss Audrey Regnart, had the same, both of these being 82, Mrs. Carbutt's side, in spite of starting with a 7 and Mrs. Guedalla's in spite of an 8 at the fourteenth. (I apologise for mentioning only the bad holes: you know it is not my custom, but when the cards are all you have seen of a round, these are the sort of things which leap to the eye.) Mrs. Beck and Miss Rabbidge came next with 83.

HANDICAP returns though, had quickly ruined the beautiful result sheets which Miss Harvey had prepared for them: nobody was expected to do better than par on the Centre course, but the very first cards in on it ran out at the top, for first Mrs. Llewellyn and Mrs. O'Neill Butler, of Wentworth, achieved net 69, and then Mrs. Poulton, of Sonning, and Miss Lane, of Henley, handed in 81 – 12 = 69 — really splendid performances. Scoring is usually better in the afternoon, when the couples change over on to the course where they have not played in the morning, and this year was no exception, though the excitement stayed till the last card was in, so far as the winners of individual course honours should go. Miss Phyllis Wade and Mrs. John Gage had seemed a promising combination, but things did not go too well for them; Mrs. Carbutt and Mrs. Pyke could not do better than 78 on the Centre, nor Mrs. Guedalla and Miss Regnart than 79! It was left to Miss Mervyn and Miss Pam Barton, holders of the trophies, to show what could be done about that 70 par if you really set about it, forgetting the horrible incident of seeing a caddie badly injured by another in the morning, and concentrating properly on the figures. You must really see their figures, for the sixties do not come everybody's way often enough for anyone to be blasé about them:

3, 5, 3, 4, 4, 4, 3, 4, 4 = 34 out;
3, 2, 3, 5, 3, 6, 4, 4, 4 = 34 home = 68

It was grand golf, fit wiping out of 85 on the East in the morning, and rightly took them into second place for the cups themselves.

WIPING out needs one sort of determination; another is wanted to carry on a good deal; the second kind was what Mrs. Gilligan and Miss Garnham produced so splendidly, with 78 on the East course, 41 out and 37 home. Miss Garnham has been struggling for a long time to get her name on a BYSTANDER cup; now she has once broken the evil spell it may well adorn more of them—such, for instance as the Scottish at Gleneagles, where there is a rumour of her and Mrs. Garon trying their luck together. Mrs. Gilligan has already won the Autumn Foursomes, with Miss Nan Baird as a partner, when she was Miss Marjorie White.

*(Concluded on page 278)*

*Mrs. Heppel (Addington) and Mrs. W. H. A. Hunt (Brokenhurst Manor) played against Mrs. E. Hill (Walton Heath) and Mrs. J. B. Watson (Gullane) round the East course in the morning and the Centre in the afternoon*

*Miss Phyllis Wade (Ferndown) and Mrs. John Gage (Wentworth) returned sixth best score with 161 (75 on the Centre, 86 on the East). They are with their opponents, Miss R. Morgan (Meyrick and Queen's Park) and Miss E. V. Paine (U.S., Haslar)*

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*for the Coronation Bride, Canteen 747 illustrated here is one of many new canteens in the extensive Community range. Exquisitely finished in oak and Australian walnut, fitted with 47 pieces with service for six.*

*Price £8. 0. 0.*

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*Community Plate would tempt you with this jam spoon, really priced at 2/6, yet offered at 1/6 to let you see and handle "Hampton Court" in your own home. Procurable through all leading silversmiths. If unobtainable, post paid direct from British Oneida Community Ltd., 264 (A.G.) Regent Street, W.1.*

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*Miss Elizabeth Craig has written an interesting booklet on the care of plate and the modern way of setting table. Write us and a copy of the book and new illustrated catalogue giving full details of latest designs will be sent free by return of post.*

# COMMUNITY PLATE

British Oneida Community Limited, 264 Regent Street, London, W.1 • Sheffield 6


## One Day Spring Medal Foursomes

*(Continued from page 276)*

*Two more Dominions visitors were Miss Blundell and Mrs. C. A. Hunter, both from Wellington, N.Z. They played against Miss Heath (Ferndown) and Mrs. Ian Stuart (Royal Portrush)*

Their excellence in adding good to good was equalled for the handicap aggregate by Mrs. Llewellyn and Mrs. O'Neill Butler, for they achieved 86—12=74 on the East, and so with 143 net for the thirty-six holes, took the handicap aggregate, without any of those qualifications "winners of the scratch cups being ineligible for a second award," which sometimes complicate the results.

THE Miss Barton's 68—1½=66½ came into that category and so the Centre handicap went to Mrs. Poulton and Miss Lane's 69 net; on the East (Mrs. Gilligan and Miss Garnham ineligible) scratch prizes were taken by Miss Dorrit Wilkins and Mrs. Wilfred Walker, who showed again what a lot of good golfers there are in Essex, by returning 79 in the afternoon. And last card, in came that excellent mother and daughter Scottish pair, Mrs. Mungo Park and her daughter, Miss C. M., who have been prize-winners in Scottish Foursomes and respectively Veteran and East of Scotland champions. Their 81—7=74 was good going indeed, and very worthily won. Mrs. J. B. Watson was down from Scotland, too, but she carries a penalty of plus one, and she and Mrs. Ernest Hill, the Veteran champion, did not have too easy a passage.

IT was delightful to have some of the visitors from Overseas competing, Mrs. C. A. Hunter and Miss Blundell, from New Zealand, Mrs. Daysh from South Africa, Miss P. Nankivell from Australia, and to crown all, Mrs. Halse Rogers, to whom Australian and New South Wales golf owes a great deal more than she would ever admit, found time to come down from London to present the prizes. And that was not all. She had been in U.S.A. when Pam Barton won the American championship, and it did one's heart good to hear Mrs. Rogers tell how the atmosphere changed during the event. "Miss Barton made friends for England," she said; "And I am sure you will agree with me that is an even greater thing than winning championships."

Mrs. Rogers was one of the speakers, too, at the wonderful dinner of the Veterans. That was a splendid function, Miss Doris Chambers, as befitted the new champion, in great form, Miss Rabbidge likewise on the piano, Mrs. Rabbidge receiving a lovely presentation, and such a babble of talk as confirmed the idea that the most cheerful of all golfers are the Veterans. Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

### "Bystander" Monthly Medal Spoons

The results of the April Competitions are unavoidably held over until May 26

# This England . . .

*From the White Horse Hill—Uffington*

IT is a good thing to stand upon a hill. For you have laboured with your body to get there ; which is achievement. Then, as the ground drops away at your feet so do the irks and troubles of your little world fall from you — the spirit no longer confined between the hedges of routine but overlooking, free, in the greater airs before you. And one other advantage there is in being upon a hill, almost anywhere in this England. You may choose, by the eye, with deliberation and lovely foretaste, the inn at which you will drink your Worthington—a golden reward for all achievement —of mind or body.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

*The Endeavours Go to America*

*On the left are Mr. and Mrs. T. O. M. Sopwith on Endeavour II. with Captain G. H. Williams and some of the crew, just before the owner and his wife saw the two yachts off from Gosport. Below is Endeavour II., yawl-rigged for her Atlantic crossing, being towed up the Solent. She is escorted across by the trawler John, as Mr. Sopwith's new yacht was not ready in time. Endeavour I., lent by Mr. Andreae to Mr. Sopwith, has Mr. F. Sigrist's Viva II. as convoy. The voyage is expected to take three weeks. Mr. Sopwith himself crosses in a few weeks' time. By July 1st it will be decided which Endeavour will challenge for the America's Cup*

# Summer Sport

## By Howard Marshall

THE cricket season started well enough, with grand weather, interesting play, and everyone happy. I went to Lord's to see M.C.C. tilt at the embattled might of Yorkshire, and never has headquarters looked more delightful. More grass than last year, outfield like a billiard-table, white paint, trees delicately green, all enchanting, and I was by no means surprised to come across one of the M.C.C. side staring ecstatically out of the pavilion window, murmuring to himself, "May, June, July, August," in a sort of blissful incantation.

Give us this sort of weather, and brighter cricket need not trouble us unduly. Enough to sit in the sun, and be at peace, with a Robins here and there to sharpen our attention.

And most of the stalwarts seem to have found their form early. R. E. S. Wyatt played an innings of mature skill. Sutcliffe showed no sign of the weight of years. The promising young Compton began with a flourish. Edrich looked very good indeed. J. W. A. Stephenson bowled well and enthusiastically. Altogether a pleasant and reassuring match.

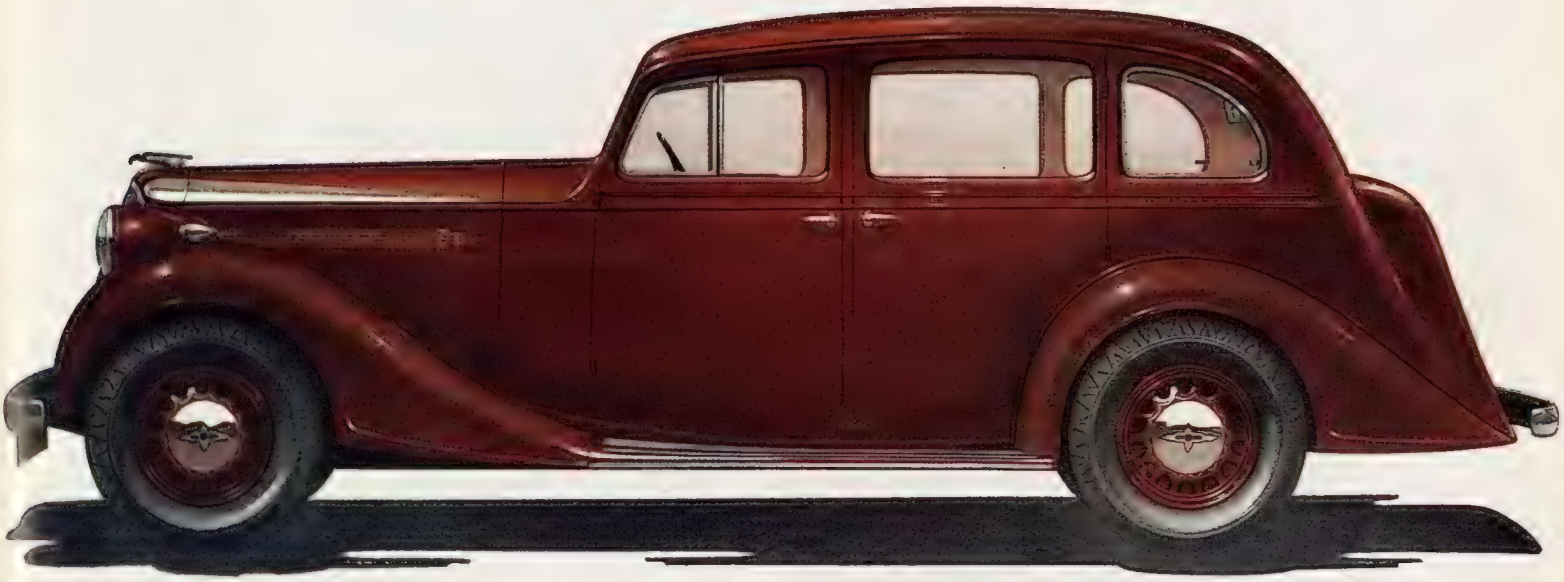
Mind you, I do not suggest that all is well with the game. But I do suggest that the weather is the major factor in cricket popularity, and sun will do more than special investigators to fill the county coffers.

As well as cricket, other summer sport has started bravely. H. W. Austin's masterly victory in the Hard Court Singles Championships was encouraging, even if it was not conclusive. There is no doubt that Austin excels on the hard court, and it would be good to think that his triumph is a token of

(*Concluded on page* i)

RIDING IS CHANGED TO GLIDING

# Everything you've wanted in a car



THERE are several cars that can reach high speeds quickly. And a few with Independent Springing. Lots of cars, too, have hydraulic brakes and built-in luggage boots; others have adjustable steering columns. But only the new Vauxhall 25 h.p. gives you *all* these features—for as little as £298.

This "25" does its eighty—if you want it to—smoothly and quietly. Its acceleration is very rapid, its road-holding a joy. Independent Springing insulates its passengers from road shocks and jolts and, with the added comfort of No-Draught Ventilation and "Body Conformity" front seats, provides the most restful ride in motoring. Its "double-safety" hydraulic brakes are smooth and very powerful.

It has ample head, leg and elbow room for five people. Its lines, coachwork and quality of finish are such as you would expect only in a car costing very much more than £298. If this sounds like the car for *you*, ask your local dealer for a trial run. Or write for catalogues to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton.

Other models, Tickford Drophead Coupe, £365, Wingham Drophead Cabriolet, £400, Grosvenor Sports Saloon, £345, Grosvenor 7-Seater Limousine, £575. *If you want a smaller car, with the most of the above features, try a Vauxhall 12 or 14 h.p. Saloon, £195.*

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# FUTURE WHITE CITY CHAMPIONS

IS THAT THE HARE, MUMMY? . . . by Gilbert Holiday

Behind the spectacular popularity of greyhound racing at the White City lies the story of a new industry which has been quietly developed in the last few years. On the Staffordshire moors the Greyhound Racing Association breeds annually more than 100 track greyhounds by a systematic study of racing strains. Here Gilbert Holiday, famous animal painter, has portrayed a charming scene of a greyhound bitch and her two young puppies.

# Summer Sport *(Continued from page 280)*

greater successes to come. At least, we know that he is in excellent form, and confident, and this may be his season, after all.

Then we saw at Bournemouth the victory of C. E. Hare and F. H. D. Wilde over G. P. Hughes and C. R. D. Tuckey in the doubles, and if this also was no more than a pointer, it did remind us that we have two fine pairs of doubles players to consider, when the Davis Cup comes along.

As for golf, J. J. F. Pennink's success in the English Amateur Championship was both popular and well deserved, and it emphasised the old lesson of the importance of the short game. Temperament had something to do with it also, for Pennink is equable, steady and quietly confident, the type of player whose future in competitive golf should be bright indeed.

And now to a very different form of summer sport—motor racing. The race for the Campbell Trophy last week, when the new road circuit at Brooklands was opened, made us think that we shall hear a good deal more of this kind of entertainment in this country. Londoners now have Brooklands and the new Crystal Palace circuit at their disposal, and if both of them are too short and artificial to give us motor racing at its best, they will at least provide any amount of excitement, and a test for the most skilled drivers.

It has always struck me as very odd that facilities for motor racing should have been so scarce in this country. When I was in Berlin for the Olympic Games I learnt something of the German enthusiasm for car racing, and anyone who has seen the great crowds at the Nürburg Ring will know what I mean. Germany, Italy, France — all these countries have developed the sport intensively, and no wonder, for it provides a grand test of nerve and courage and skill, and draws people in their thousands.

The crack drivers of Italy—men like Nuvolari and Fagioli—are national heroes, and if excessive adulation of this kind does not suit our national temperament, we might at any rate be conscious of the fact that we have some very fine drivers of our own.

They say that the Tourist Trophy race will be held in England before long, and that will give us a chance to see the real thing. In the meanwhile, we have a new but improving circuit at Donington Hall in addition to those near London.

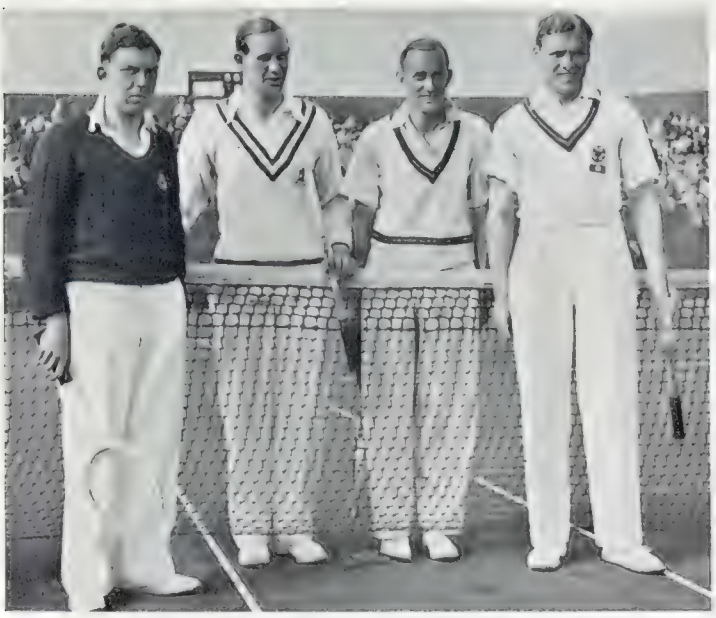
The accident to Lord Howe at Brooklands was unfortunate. He was having a great race with Prince Birabongse—"Mr. Bira" to give him his racing name—and I imagine it is likely to make Lord Howe think really seriously of giving up the game. After all, he is fifty-two, and though his nerve and his skill are as strong as ever, a comprehensive crash like the one he had at Brooklands cannot exactly help his enthusiasm.

And talking about crashes, how about Doyle's fight with "Kingfish" Levinsky? Did you see it, and wonder why you had wasted your money? Possibly not, because the McAvoy-Phillips fight was worth while, but Doyle took us entirely by surprise. What the explanation was I don't know, but never did a fighter hit more inaccurately than Levinsky—not one of his punches hurt Doyle in the slightest—and where was Doyle's right hand in the three rounds before he hurt it? A dreary business altogether, in my opinion. Doyle in the guise of a boxer cuts no ice at all. As a fighter with a punch he is amusing. But we would like some fresh Americans now—some Americans who are not past it. We are tired, let us be frank, of the push-overs.

*Winners of London University Senior Eights*

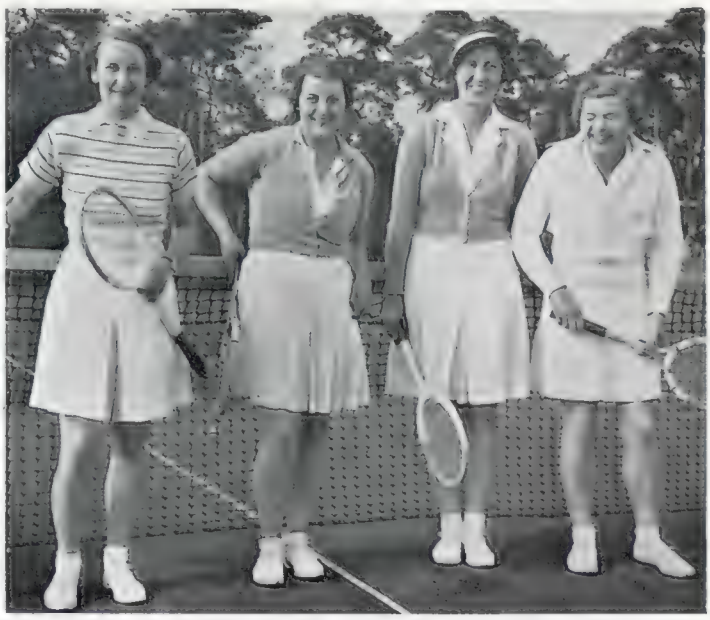
*Sir William Beveridge, director of the L.S.E. and Master-elect of University College, Oxford, presented the Sir Charles Allom Cup to F. E. Coles, who had captained the victorious King's College VIII. from No. 6. They beat St. Mary's Hospital in the senior eights final and King's II. beat Queen Mary's College in the clinker division*

Mr. A. Wallis Myers points out an unfortunate double meaning in the caption to his picture published on p. 144, April 28th. He is there referred to as a "promoter" of lawn tennis. The word was not, of course, used in its financial sense, for Mr. Myers's work in preserving amateurism in the game is well known, and he is founder and present chairman of the International Club.



*Hard Court Finalists, Men's Doubles*

*F. H. D. Wilde and C. E. Hare beat G. P. Hughes and C. R. D. Tuckey in a close final at Bournemouth, so avenging their Wimbledon defeat in 1936. All four have been chosen for Britain's Davis Cup team and are already in training*



*Hard Court Finalists, Women's Doubles*

*Miss Valerie Scott and Miss Mary Whitmarsh, who are only nineteen and twenty respectively, did remarkably well to reach the Bournemouth final as they beat Miss Round and Miss Heeley on the way; in the end they lost to Miss Evelyn Dearman and Miss Joan Ingram*

# The "Bystander" Bookshelf

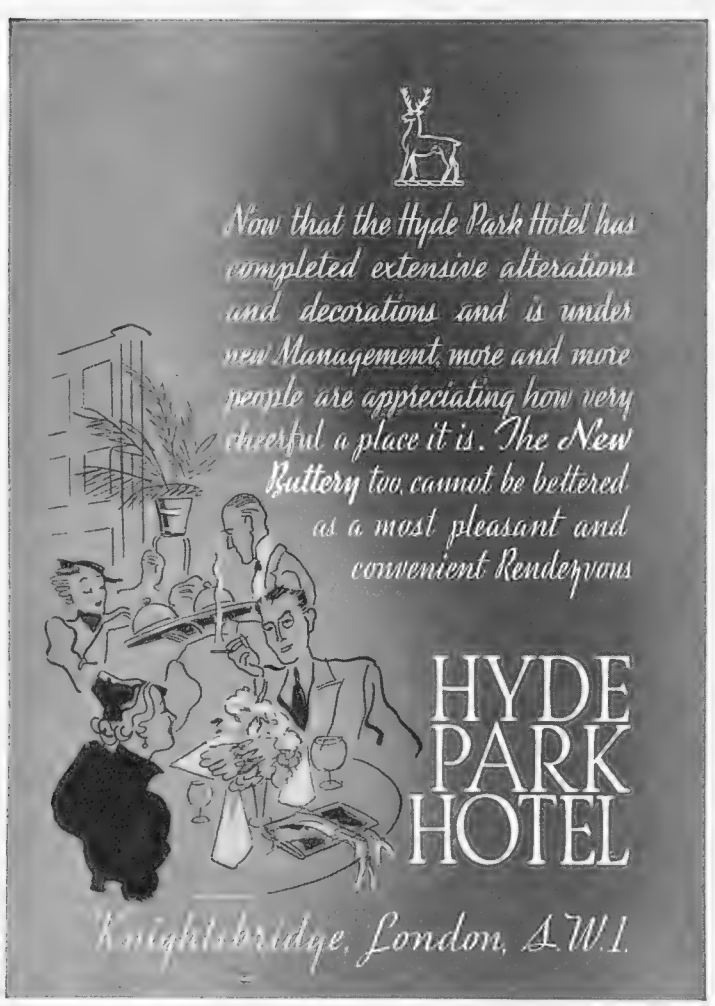
## Coronation Year Scrapbook: By Alan Thomas

MISS MARGARET LAMBERT has put scissors and paste to good purpose in compiling her Coronation Year Scrapbook, entitled *When Victoria Began to Reign* (Faber and Faber; 12s. 6d.). By the use of extracts and illustrations from contemporary documents — newspapers, books, broadsheets and the like—linked together by a running commentary, she has succeeded in giving the reader a very good idea of what people were doing, saying, and thinking a hundred years ago. She starts, in true scrapbook form, with portraits of the Royal Family, followed by descriptions of the leading social and political figures of the time. Next, a section headed "Bishops and Parsons," telling of the days when, in remote country livings, "babies might have to wait for baptism, or even the dead for burial, till the parson was fit to officiate"—in other words, was sober. At the same time, high old Tory newspapers were railing about the "humbugs" who gathered at meetings of "what is called the British Association for the Advancement of Science . . . at which a crowd of persons anxious only to get their names in the newspaper assist . . .", etc. After that, pictures of country life in castle, farm-house, and cottage; impressions of travel, when the time spent on a train journey could be whiled away with a copy of *Railroadiana*, the first railway guide to describe the beauties and places of historical interest en route; descriptions of the kind of life that women led ("in everything that women attempt, they should," according to Mrs. John Sandford, in *Woman in her Social and Domestic Character*, "show their consciousness of dependence"); a chapter on children at work in coal-mines and metal factories (grim reading, this); an amusing section on reading and writing—"I am very sorry," runs one letter of condolence, 'to hear Aunt Partridge is dead, but I hope she may sit on the right hand of God on that awful day"; topical events of the year, including the gruesome Greenacre murder; and so finally to the Coronation in 1838, at which "Lord Glenelg, the Colonial Secretary, not naturally an early riser, fell fast asleep and did not wake till the actual moment of crowning, after which he dozed off

(Concluded on page iv)

*Edward Seago*

*The well-known painter of circus and gypsy life had at this moment Harry Footit, the famous French clown, as his model. Collins have published a book of Seago's gypsy sketches called "Caravan"*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## The "Bystander" Bookshelf

(*Continued from page* ii)

again and let his coronet fall on the floor." The text is supplemented by forty-seven admirable illustrations. Miss Lambert has shown good judgment in her choice of material, and her book should be of permanent as well as of topical interest.

"MARRIAGE," by Léon Blum (Jarrolds; 10*s.* 6*d.*), is a plea for freer conditions of marriage. The present Prime Minister of France, the publisher tells us, is "particularly anxious that the public will not misunderstand the book, and will realise that his political and literary work are quite distinct." M. Blum also wishes it to be emphasised that the book was written before the war. His thesis, in a nutshell, is that you should not marry until you feel ready for marriage—in other words, until "the craving for danger and adventure has given place, by a natural process of evolution, to a taste for stability, unity and sentimental repose. . . . A life of adventure must precede married life"—for women as well as for men. In a properly regulated society, says M. Blum, "virginity would be cast aside early and merrily." And there would be no absurd prepossession in favour of virginity when a husband comes to choose a wife. As for children—during the period of adventure there wouldn't be any: though there would be no rule against them.

No one but a Frenchman could have written this book. Certainly there is nothing English in the treatment—no hypocrisy, no false propriety, none of the sentimental dressing that appeals so much to the English palate. The English reader, therefore, may find it a little difficult, as he turns these pages, to overcome a feeling of distaste. There may be some progressives who will agree with M. Blum's conclusions, but no one outside cloud-cuckoo-land could ever imagine that they will become accepted conventions in our lifetime. As M. Blum himself says: "All one can usefully do is plot a path for this progress of ideas . . . and set a certain number of people thinking about them." Which this book certainly will do.

"MADAME FLOWERY SENTIMENT," by Albert Gervais (Hamish Hamilton; 6*s.*), is as delicate and charming as the name suggests. She is a young Chinese girl, unofficially but devotedly attached to a French doctor on service in a remote province of China. The love-affair is conducted with great tenderness and great regard for the proprieties. All the way through the story there runs a fine-spun thread of illusion. "Life was just a vast mirage; we must try, somehow, to make that mirage beautiful. What did realities matter if appearances were enough to make us happy?" Love? Or the illusion of love? Does it matter which?

Woven in with the story are some interesting glimpses of Chinese life—a delightfully described dinner-party, given, naturally, at the house of the chief guest; arrival at a village inn, where the problem of acquiring the best room is solved by threatening the innkeeper that unless he turns the occupants out of it in ten minutes "five hundred strokes of the bamboo on the buttocks would be reserved for him"; or a river journey, auspiciously begun by the sacrifice of a cock, some of whose feathers are thereafter stuck with blood in the bow of the boat, so as to "give the trip all the security possible."

I said good-bye to Madame Flowery Sentiment with regret—as, indeed, the doctor did. Yet the relationship was so tenuous that he asked himself as he sailed away, "Was it possible I loved her?" The book has been most admirably translated from the French by Mr. Campbell Dixon.

"THAMES PORTRAIT" (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 15*s.*), by E. Arnot Robertson, with photographs by H. E. Turner, is an unconventionally pleasing description of a journey down the Thames, from its source in Tewkesbury Mead (at least, that is where "the nicer people would prefer its source to be" and where consequently Miss Robertson has concluded that it is), to the mud shoals off Southend. Miss Robertson discourses agreeably and wittily on the historical associations of the places that she passes, and enlivens her description with conversations she has heard: those heard in pubs are sweet, but those overheard are sweeter (what more so than that of two girls hidden in the reeds and talking of romance?). Mr. Turner's photographs are as lovely and varied as the life of the river itself. This, incidentally, is the very book to give to a Coronation visitor from overseas.


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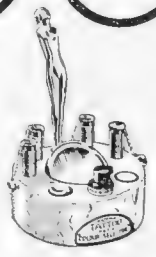

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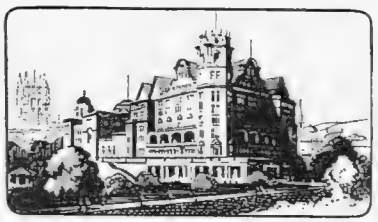

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By Charles Ward

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***The Airway to All Parts***

EVERY available 'plane in the country has been chartered for Coronation Week, but the greatest activity will occur to-day, when photographs and films of the event are to be distributed by air to every important town in the country and to many overseas. One enterprising taxi service is using miniature parachutes for the delivery of its films, so that pilots can travel a greater distance by avoiding many intermediate landings. The airship "Hindenberg" is being delayed at Frankfurt so that films can be carried to America. The strictest rules are to be enforced about flying over the Coronation route itself, and over Central London within five miles of Buckingham Palace during to-night, for the very good reason that a forced landing, however unlikely, would mean a serious crash, involving sightseers as well as the occupants of the aircraft. For the remainder of this week, however, it will be possible to see London from the air after dark and many more people are expected to fly than during Jubilee Week. The Airwork School offers half an hour after dark over London for £2 10s. in an open machine and £4 in a cabin for two. The club bar will be open till midnight and lessons can be taken in night flying. At both Heston and Croydon all of the operating companies are running night trips over London. Early bookings are advisable through the usual agents.

***For Information***

AN information bureau is open to the general public on the ground floor of Ariel House, the new headquarters of civil aviation in the Strand. The building was for many years the head office of Marconi's and housed 2LO, predecessor of the British Broadcasting Corporation. Service to the public will include everything to do with civil flying, both for passengers by air-line, owner-pilots, and those wishing to learn to fly. The bureau will not sell air travel tickets, but agencies are close at hand where these can be obtained. There is a special telephone line installed—Temple Bar, 3553. At the opening ceremony, performed by the Duke of Kent, who is himself a pilot and an enthusiastic traveller by air, Imperial Airways and Marconi's arranged an interesting stunt by radio. Lord Swinton carried on a conversation with the commander of an Atlantic type flying-boat

(Concluded on page viii)


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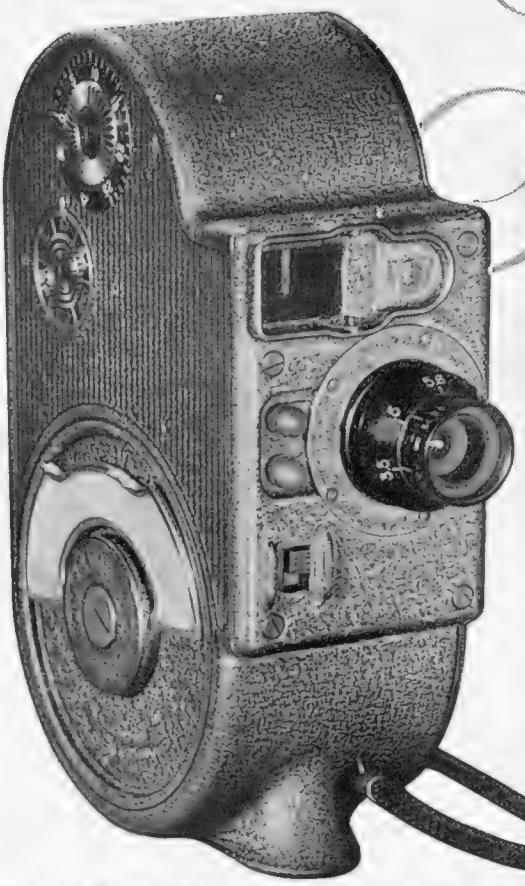

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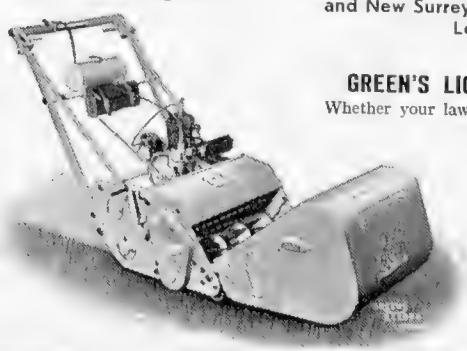

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| 16 inch | - | £45 : 0 : 0 |
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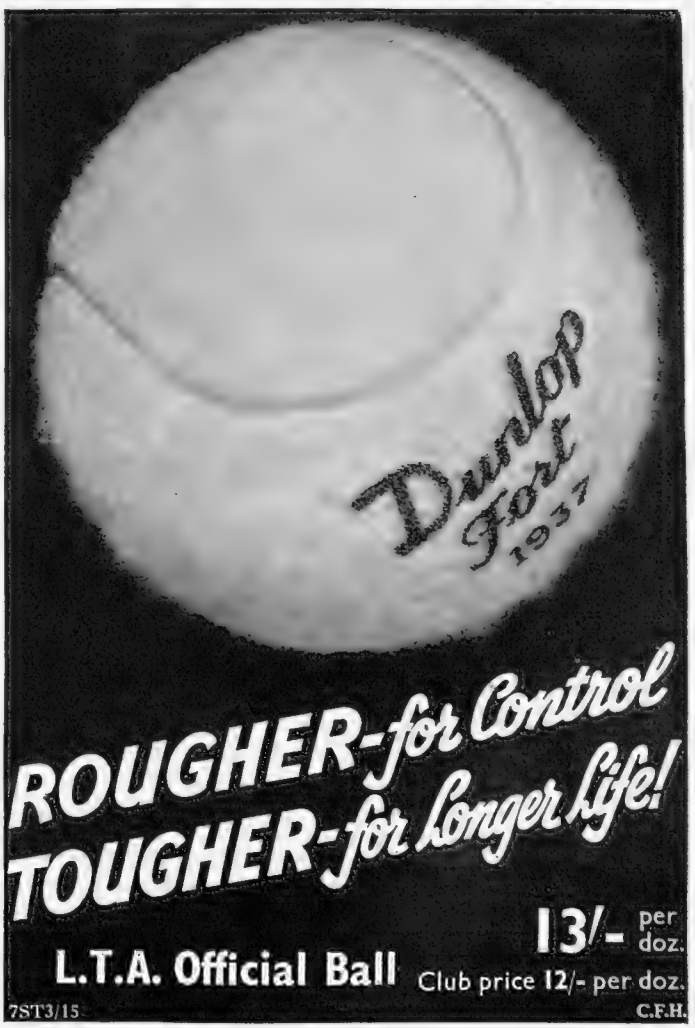


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## Flying for the Coronation

(*Continued from page* vi)

which was cruising over the Thames nearby, and the Duke of Kent sent a message to a flying-boat crossing the Mediterranean, the reply from the commander being received in a few minutes.

### *Overcrowding on the Air*

TALKING of radio, there is congestion in the ether. An Air Ministry notice calls the attention of all concerned to the necessity for limiting messages to those which are urgent, making same as snappy as possible. This applies especially on the London-Paris route. When crossing the Mediterranean, pilots and operators can pass the time of day or exchange the latest story without causing any trouble—there is always a chance that a "pirate" will pip in with a much better one—but the risk of collision is increasing and the greatest vigilance is required of all ranks. The F.B.I. and the London Chamber of Commerce is perturbed at the amount of flying which occurs in the vicinity of air routes by the R.A.F. Last week-end I saw a squadron of light bombers pass over a civil aerodrome at a height of 1500 ft., when the visibility was poor. There were at least a dozen aircraft cruising around, mostly in the hands of amateurs. On another occasion, I have seen a squadron pass over the centre of a similar aerodrome at no more than 200 ft. during a rainstorm. This is not intended as a criticism of R.A.F. methods. On the contrary, the Service must have all possible opportunities to practice in bad weather, but it implies the utmost vigilance on those in charge of all aircraft. Air liners now fly in fog and cloud flying is a normal occurrence. No aircraft should indulge in a cross-country in cloud unless fitted with wireless, so that warning of its course and height can be given to others. In time, regulations must be framed and enforced to deal with the risks that are approaching. At the moment they are few and far between. Wireless scientists are racking their brains to produce a form of klaxon which will warn other 'planes in the neighbourhood of the presence of each other. A radius of five miles would be sufficient, assuming that the warning was automatic and that it registered on a panel within view of the pilot or navigator. Essential information would be the height and course of the other aircraft, speed being indicated approximately by the rate of increase in the size of the symbol on the panel. Research workers believe that this will be possible in a few years' time.

*The French Air Minister, M. Pierre Cot, thanking his pilot at Croydon for a pleasant Channel crossing*

### *Overheard on the Tarmac*

MR. IVOR H. LIST, not "Bliss," as I stated in this column on April 7th, tells me that he is part owner of the Puss Moth in which the practical test in navigation was made to Newcastle and Renfrew. The ground instructor to Brooklands Aero Club, Mr. R. Ashton, taught him all he knows about navigation during a course for the second-class "ticket." Incidentally, Mr. Ashton is a First-Class Navigator, one of the few in the country. On May 30th, Brooklands will again be at home to visitors from overseas. At the beginning of the month, members of the Rhodesian Rifles and of the New Zealand contingent were shown the sights and given flights in club aircraft, this hospitality being shared with Redhill, Portsmouth, Hanworth, Shoreham and Heston.


# The "Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes (14th Year)

## At Gleneagles Hotel G.C. (King's Course),

## JUNE 15 to 18, 1937

*Holders:* MISS ROBERTSON-DURHAM and MISS HELEN NIMMO.

Entries close Friday, May 28th. Enter NOW.

*Open to all players, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English, or Overseas.* Entries will also be accepted from foreign and other competitors without L.G.U. handicaps.

### CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples stating handicaps, to reach MISS E. E. HELME, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, May 28th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament. Seeded draw.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

GLENEAGLES HOTEL — NO ENTRANCE FEE

### ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, by Friday, May 28th, 1937.

The "BYSTANDER" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Gleneagles Hotel G.C., June 15th, 1937, and following days.

*PLEASE PRINT.*

*Please enter*
*Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

*of* .....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap*.....

*Home Address*..... *Telephone No.*.....

*To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Gleneagles with*

*Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

*of*..... .....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap*.....

*Home Address*..... *Telephone No.*.....

Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above, or after June 12th to her at Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire. Telephone: Auchterarder, 70.

### HOTEL

The BYSTANDER Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be *Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire, where the special terms for competitors will be 15s. per day inclusive.*

### NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played at Gleneagles, King's Course, during the Foursomes. ALL ENTRANTS FOR THE "BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS: Medal play under L.G.U. handicap. Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card. Entries received on day of play only.

*All entries for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competitions must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — MAY

*Name* *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

*Address* .....

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April 25—Reopening of the "700 a Ca'" Rezzonico Museum. July 10 to August 3—Al fresco theatrical performances—Goldoni's "Le Baruffe Chiozzoto" and "Il Bugiardo"—Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet.

August 10 to September 3—International Cinematographic Exhibition at the Lido; pre-views of films of the future.

Sept. 7 to 14—Fifth International Festival of Contemporary Music at the Lido.

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# Getting Married

## The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

*Richard Twining and Dorothy Joan Cripps*

*Announced their engagement last month; he is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Twining, of 15, Clareville Grove, S.W.7, and she is the elder daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Eustace Cripps, of Greenbriar, Cobham, Surrey*

Tunbridge

*James Wrigley and Rosemary Cholmeley*

*Are engaged. He is the second son of the late J. C. Wrigley and Mrs. Wrigley, of Warlaby Lodge, Northallerton, Yorks.; his fiancée is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Cholmeley, of 48, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.8*

Lenare

*Cicely Anne Huddleston*

*Is the second daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady Huddleston, of Auchengare, Rhu, Dumbartonshire, and is engaged to Captain James Francis Scott McLaren, the Black Watch, elder son of Mr. and the late Mrs. J. Russell McLaren, of 24, Carlisle Mansions, S.W.1*

Lenare

*Pamela Hunter*

*Pamela Elizabeth Daphne Hunter, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archer Hunter, of Hare Hatch Grange, Twyford, Berks., is engaged to Henry Lushington, eldest son of Sir Herbert Lushington, Bt., and the late Mrs. Lushington*

Lenare

*Enid Groome*

*Is the only daughter of Mr. S. H. Groome and Mrs. M. K. Groome, of La Petite Florentine, Golf Juan, France, and is engaged to Alfred Chester Beatty, M.F.H., only son of Mr. Alfred Chester Beatty, of Baroda House, Kensington Palace Gardens*

Tunbridge

*Joy Lyon*

*Joy Betty Marina Lyon, only daughter of the late Mr. Fitz-Roy Lyon, 1st Life Guards, and Mrs. Lyon, of 41, Bryanston Square, is engaged to Claude Bernard François, only son of Professor and the late Mme. Alexis François, of 47, Route de Florissant, Geneva*

Lenare

*Shournagh Dorothy Colthurst*

*Who has announced her engagement to Robert Tristram Combe, Coldstream Guards, son of the late R. T. Combe and Mrs. Combe, of Earnshill, Curry Rivel, Somerset, is the daughter of Mr. R. St. J. Colthurst, of Blarney Castle, Ireland, and Mrs. Colthurst, of Quatt, Bridgnorth*

Bassano

*Adèle Alsop*

*Is the eldest daughter of Mr. Reece Denny Alsop, of New York City, and Mrs. Basil de Selincourt, of Far End, Kingham, Oxon., and is engaged to the Hon. Henry Howard, Lord and Lady Howard of Penrith's youngest son*

### *Dunbar — Williams*

*At St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, John Telfer Dunbar, son of Major J. T. Dunbar, J.P., of Loanhead, Midlothian, Scotland, married Yvonne Williams, daughter of Mr. W. H. Williams, of Paris*

### *Chauvel — Paterson*

*Captain Ian Chauvel, son of Sir Harry and Lady Chauvel, of Melbourne, Australia, and Jean Paterson, daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. E. Paterson, of The Golden Farm, Cirencester, were married at Cirencester Parish Church*

### *Nicholson — Lawson-Tancred*

*Douglas Nicholson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nicholson, of Southill, Chester-le-Street, Co. Durham, and Pauline Lawson-Tancred, younger daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Lawson-Tancred, of Aldborough Manor, Boroughbridge, Yorks., were married at Aldborough Church*

### *Goodbody — Johnston*

*Norman Goodbody, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Goodbody, of Timbers, Easching, Surrey, and Cynthia Johnston, daughter of Mrs. R. W. Ryan, of Penn Court, Cromwell Road, S.W., were married at Chelsea Old Church*

### *Sams — Osborne*

*Captain Richard Hubert Sams, R.E., elder son of Sir Hubert and Lady Sams, of 246, Hills Road, Cambridge, and Elizabeth Godfrey-Faussett-Osborne, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, of Queensdown Warren, Sittingbourne, Kent, were married at Hartlip*

### *Dinan — Kennedy*

*Dermot A. Dinan, son of the late John Dinan and Mrs. Dinan, of Knockeven, Rushbrook, Co. Cork, and Pamela Joan Kennedy, daughter of Mr. Francis Kennedy, and Mrs. Bertram Morgan, of 54, Hamilton Ter., W.8, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place*

### *Salmon — Benjamin*

*Samuel Isidore Salmon, son of Sir Isidore and Lady Salmon, of 51, Mount Street, W.1, and Wendy Benjamin, only daughter of the late Alec Benjamin and Mrs. Benjamin, of 19, Alvanley Gardens, N.W., were married at Bayswater Synagogue*

### *Mitchell — Tatham Warter*

*John Cecil Mitchell, son of the late John Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell, of White Gables, Seaton, Devon, and Joan Kathleen Tatham Warter, daughter of the late Henry de G. T. Warter and Mrs. Warter, of Lottisham Old Manor, near Glastonbury, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton*

### *van Zuylen — Ley*

*Guy van Zuylen, eldest son of M. and Mme. Ernest van Zuylen, of Liège, Belgium, and Josephine Diana Ley, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. E. H. Ley, of Treworgan Vean, Yateley, Hants., were married at St. James's, Spanish Place*

# What's On

## The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

May 12 — May 18

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

### THEATRES * *See Dailies for Coronation Changes*

#### Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE ASCENT OF F 6.—Auden and Isherwood's iconoclastic social satire in verse has Barry Barnes, William Devlin and Ruth Taylor to interpret: Little, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

BATS IN THE BELFRY.—Aunt Lilian Braithwaite, with Henry Kendall opposite, decides the destiny of Lydia Sherwood and Vivien Leigh and others in an amusing comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2 30.

HENRY V.—A noble production by Guthrie with Laurence Olivier as the King, Jessica Tandy and Ivy St. Helier: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—Completely satisfying adaptation of the Brontë novel with Curigwen Lewis as Jane and Reginald Tate as Rochester: Aldwych, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT ALONE.—Richard Bird is the making of this excellent little trifle: Duke of York's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's first comedy for five years has divorce in the air and Leonora Corbett in the lead: Garrick, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price)): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

#### Singing and Dancing

AND ON WE GO.—Marie Löhr is the pillar of this brightly coloured and decorated revue with Charles Heslop and June Knight in support: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BALALAIKA.—White Russian plot is strong for a musical comedy, spectacle is splendid, music ordinary; Muriel Angelus and Roger Treville lead, Clifford Mollison in support: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BIG BUSINESS.—Bobby Howes, Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore and Wylie Watson are singly and collectively equal to all or no situation—mostly the latter: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello heads his own vast, romantic show, with Dorothy Dickson and Zena Dare and huge chorus: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GRAND DUCHESS.—Offenbach brought up to date is still tuneful and colourful, with Bruce Carfax, Enid Cruickshank and Richard Goolden: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOME AND BEAUTY.—Mostly good, Cochran's ponderous Coronation revue has Nelson Keys, Binnie Hale and Gitta Alpar on top of their respective forms: Adelphi, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ON YOUR TOES.—Revival of the witty musical with Vera Zorina, Jack Whiting and Olive Blakeney: Coliseum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slap-stick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff, and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

RED, BRIGHT AND BLUE.—Second of Charlot's non-stops is a Coronation revue, with Ronald Frankau and Rene Roberts: Vaudeville, 2.30-11.15.

REVUDEVILLE No. 91.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

REVUDEVILLE POT-POURRI.—Cocktail of the Van Damm show favourites—Gus Chevalier, Edna Wood, Doris Barry et alics: Piccadilly, 2-11.15 non-stop.

SWING ALONG.—Leslie Henson's musical swings along as the best of its kind in London should, with Louise Browne, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in support: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SWING IN THE AIR.—Flanagan and Allen fill a large part of this mixed bill, and Jack Hylton another large part: Palladium, 6.20 and 9.

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#### Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's sparkling long runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple, in an effective if simple plot: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

### The Royal Week

**Wednesday, May 12th, 1937:**
**CORONATION OF THEIR MAJESTIES KING GEORGE VI. and QUEEN ELIZABETH,**
**Westminster Abbey, 11 a.m.**
**Empire Broadcast by the King, 7.20.**

**Thursday, 13th:**
The King presents coronation medals to members of the overseas contingents, Buckingham Palace, morning. Their Majesties' Court Ball, Buckingham Palace, evening.

**Friday, 14th:**
The Imperial Conference opens.

**Saturday, 15th:**
Reception for foreign envoys and deputations.

● *The best pictures of the Royal Week, with many pages in full colour, will appear in next week's "Bystander," May 19th.*

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Leueen McGrath and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's hyper-romantic school play, with Frederick Leister in the name-part, J. H. Roberts and Joan White: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON AFTER DARK.—Marion Lorne tremulously in trouble again with a typical Hackett plot whose suspense is well maintained: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

MILE-AWAY MURDER.—A murderer and the police cross swords of bluff and counter-bluff in A.A.'s new thriller; D. A. Clarke-Smith, Walter Hudd, Gillian Maude: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—A revival of the musical burlesque on our rough island's story: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WISE TO-MORROW.—Almost enthralling and almost witty, the plot gives Martita Hunt and Diana Churchill good chances, and Naunton Wayne some good lines: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

#### First Nights

THE GOOD FAIRY.—Diana Beaumont plays the usherette in Society in Gabriel Toyne's production of Molnar: Royalty, Fri., 14th.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—Harold French produces Isabel Jeans, Betty Stockfeld, Penelope Dudley-Ward and Peter Coke in this comedy: Strand, Tues., 18th.

### CINEMAS

BURGTHEATER (Viennese).—Willy Forst's film, set in the famous Vienna theatre, is a drama of youth and age with Wernher Krauss, Willy Eichenberger, Olga Tschekowa and new star Hortense Raky: Academy.

CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS (American).—Another Kipling novel to be made film, with Freddie Bartholomew, Spencer Tracy and Lionel Barrymore: Empire.

ELEPHANT BOY (British).—Flaherty and Korda's adaptation of Kipling's *Toomai* has some fine jungle shots and effective natural acting: Leicester Square.

FAREWELL AGAIN (British).—Flora Robson and Leslie Banks star in a film with an Army background; also Patricia Hilliard: Plaza.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT (British).—Spectacular filmic translation of the Drury Lane show with Mary Ellis in her old part: Regal (last day).

THE GOOD EARTH (American).—Thalberg's last production is a convincing and moving translation of Pear Buck's realistic novel, thanks to Paul Muni and Luise Rainer: Palace Theatre, 2.30 and 8.30.

JUMP FOR GLORY (British).—A tough burglar story with Douglas Fairbanks, junior, and Valerie Hobson: London Pavilion.

LOST HORIZON (American).—Capra's newest from Hilton's book is almost convincing apart from some watery philosophy; Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Edward Everett Horton: Tivoli.

O KAY FOR SOUND (British).—The crazy gang (Flanagan, Allen, Naughton, Gold, Nervo, Knox) in the Palladium slap-stick revue: New Gallery.

PÉPÉ LE MOKO (French).—Mireille Balin and Jean Gabin lead in a tale of Apaches in the native quarter of Algiers; high standard of taut integrity: Curzon.

PRINCE AND THE PAUPER (American).—Errol Flynn is the star in a piece of English history based on Mark Twain: Gaumont.

THREE SMART GIRLS (American).—Deanna Durbin, new fifteen-year-old star, Barbara Read and Nan Grey are the three with good support in a capital comedy: Marble Arch Pavilion.

#### Premiere

SHALL WE DANCE? (American).—The newest Astaire-Rogers has Gershwin's music and Harriet Hoctor in support: Regal, Thurs., 13th.

### OPERA

CORONATION SEASON OF INTERNATIONAL OPERA: Covent Garden, under Beecham's Artistic Direction; London Philharmonic Orchestra; collaboration of the Paris Grand Opera and Opéra Comique, and de Basil's Ballets Russes; conductors bracketed after name of opera:

AÏDA (Beecham).—To-night, 12th, 8.
DAS RHEINGOLD (Furtwangler).—Thurs, 13th, 8 30
TOSCA (Barbirolli).—Fri., 14th, 8.30.

SADLER'S WELLS:
RIGOLETTO.—Thurs., 13th, 8.
THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.—Fri., 14th, 8.
THE BARBER OF SEVILLE.—Sat., 15th, 2.30.
MADAM BUTTERFLY.—Sat, 15th, 8.

### BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:
CASSE-NOISETTE, AURORA PAS DE DEUX, THE GODS GO-A-BEGGING.—Mon., 17th, 8.30.
DOUANES, NOCTURNE, A WEDDING BOUQUET.—Tues., 18th, 8.30.

MARKOVA-DOLIN.—Representative programme of Ballets and Divertissements: King's Theatre, Hammersmith, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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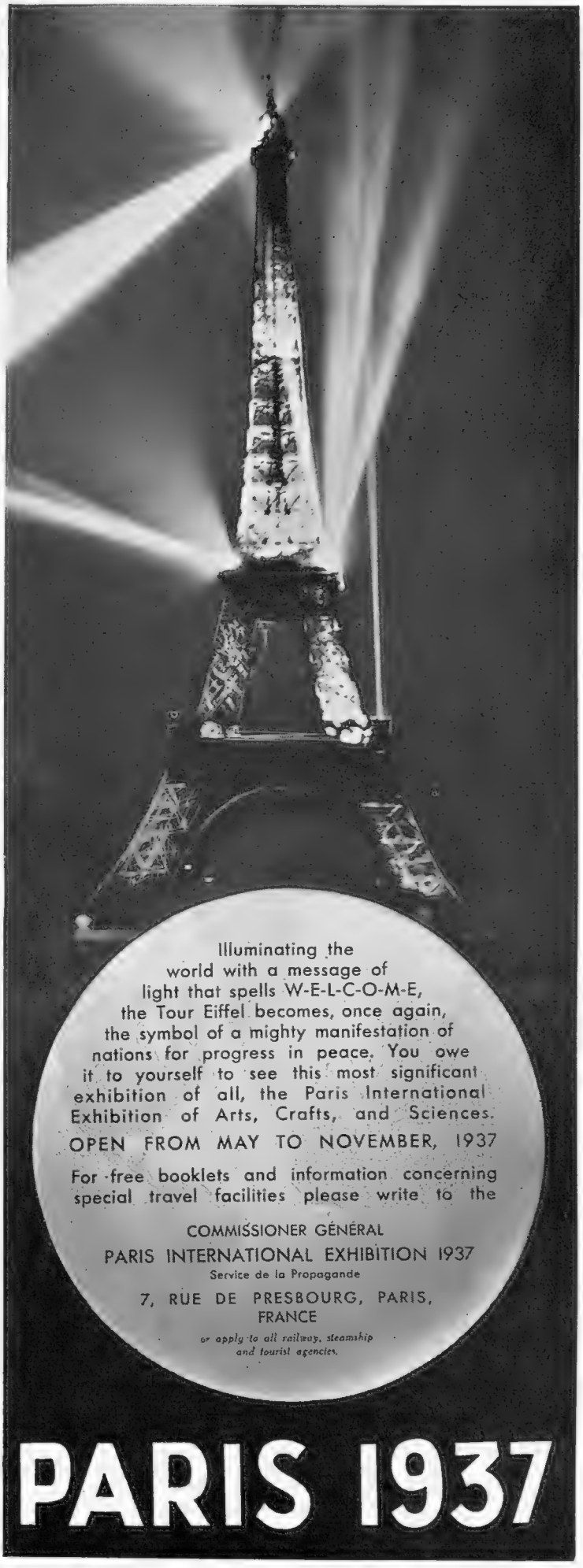

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# PARIS 1937

# Getting Married *(Continued)*

*Lenare*

## *Elizabeth Wigan*

*Is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Dennis Grey Wigan, of Loudham Hall, Woodbridge, Suffolk ; she is engaged to Humphrey Gascoigne, youngest son of Brig.-Gen. Sir Frederick and Lady Gascoigne, of Ashtead Lodge, Surrey*

*Lafayette*

## *Nancy Seabrook*

*Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Leonard Seabrook, of Bank House, Walton-on-the-Naze, and has announced her engagement to Flight-Lieutenant Leslie V. Bennett, M.C., R.A.F.*

*Kay Vaughan*

## *Heather Boys*

*Is the daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. R. H. H. Boys, of 11, Lansdowne Crescent, W.11, and is engaged to John Hardy Bentley, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hardy Bentley, of Burbank, Wych Hill, Woking*

*Lenare*

## *Audrey Wheeler*

*Audrey Mary Stuart Wheeler, only daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Wheeler, of 4, Wyndham House, Sloane Square, is engaged to Roger Hall, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Hall, of 4, Heathview Gardens, Putney Heath*

*Lenare*

## *Diana Lubbock*

*Is the only daughter of Captain Rupert Lubbock, R.N., and Mrs. Lubbock, of Braunston, Oakham, and is engaged to Charles Gerald Shuckburgh, elder son of Sir Gerald and Lady Shuckburgh, of Shuckburgh, Daventry*

*Hay Wrightson*

## *Margaret Ward-Jackson*

*Is the elder daughter of the Rev. G. A. and Mrs. Ward-Jackson, of Lower Heyforth Rectory, near Oxford ; she is engaged to John Francis Blakiston, Director-General of Archæology in India*

*Bassano*

## *Aline Watson*

*Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Watson, of Whinfell House, Crowborough, Sussex, and is engaged to Lieut. David Goodwin, R.N., second son of Colonel and Mrs. W. R. P. Goodwin, of Eastbourne*

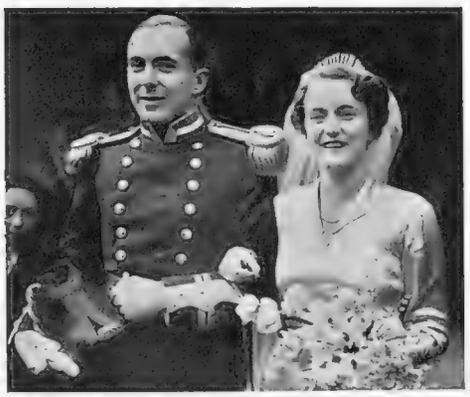
*Lenare*

## *Mrs. Iris Best*

*Is the widow of the late L. W. H. Best, I.C.S., and Sir Norman and Lady Bolton's daughter ; they live at Kyson Point, Woodbridge. She is engaged to Douglas Bell, son of Maj. J. A. D. Bell, of Cedar Court, Alderton, Woodbridge*

## *Taylor — Morris*

*Captain John Aldersey Taylor, the Rifle Brigade, son of the late Captain O. A. Taylor and Mrs. Taylor, of Ballendrick, Bridge of Earn, Perthshire, and Zaidee Morris, younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Morris, were married at Chelsea Old Church*



## *Cross — Burke*

*Philip Cross, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Cross, of The Hermitage, Totland Bay, I.O.W., married Geraldine Burke at Brompton Oratory ; she is the only child of Major and Mrs. Denis Burke, of 3, Sydney Place, S.W 7*

## *Shepherd — Scarfe*

*Charles Shepherd, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Shepherd, of Spinney Close, Radlett, Herts., and Angela Scarfe, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Crespin Scarfe, of Chickatoo, Radlett, were married at All Soul's, Langham Place*

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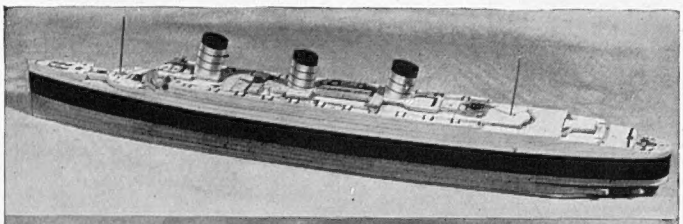

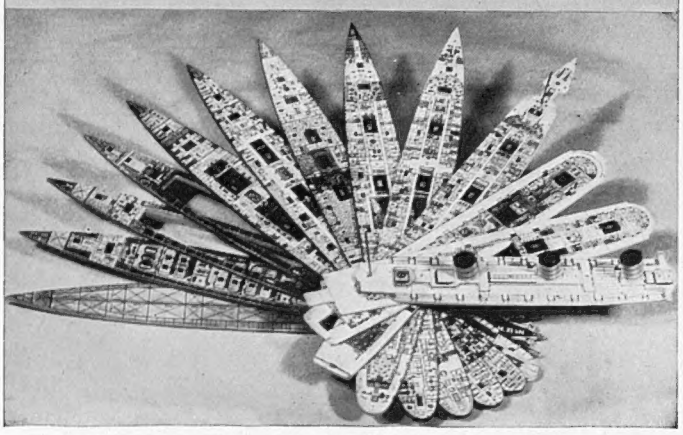

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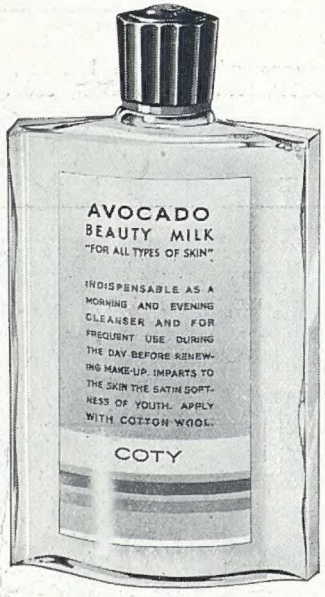
If you are to get the best out of cosmetics and also retain the natural advantages of a youthful skin as long as possible, the one vital thing is real cleansing — *pore-deep* cleansing.

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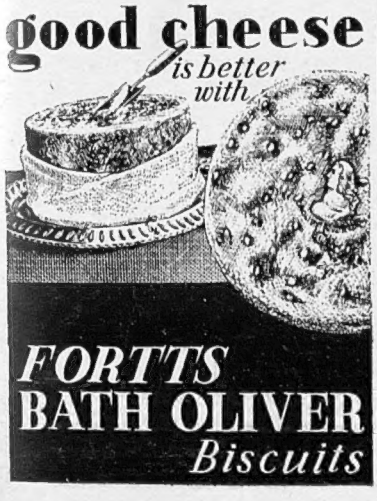

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